FEBRUARY 22, 1960

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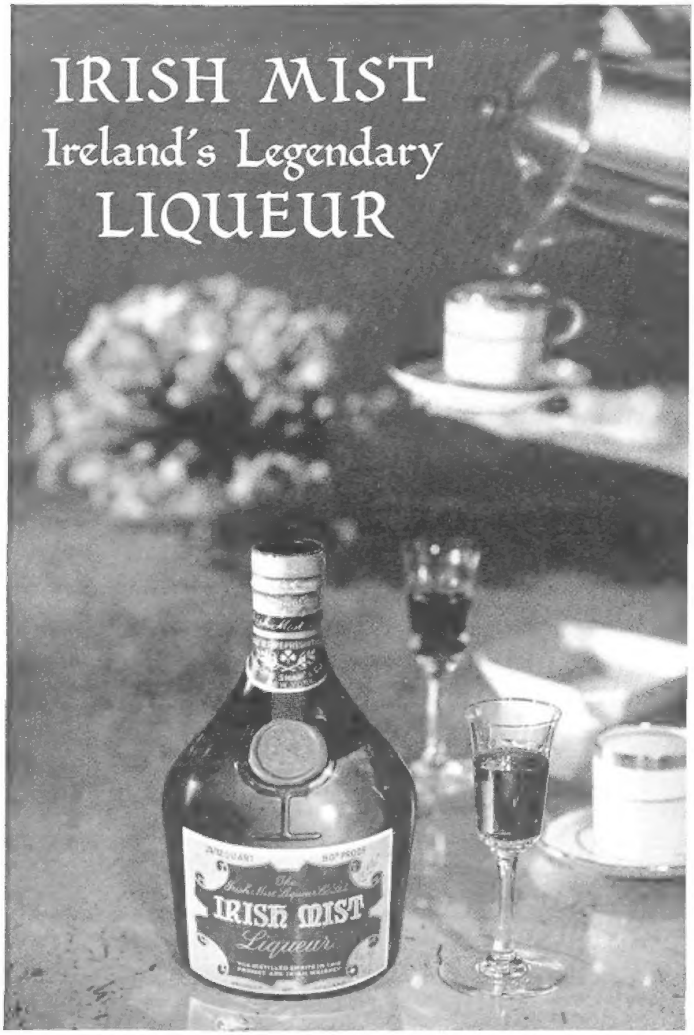

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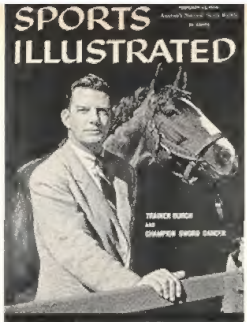
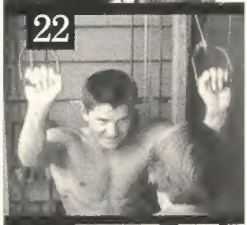


Cover: Elliott Burch and Sword Dancer

This bright-chestnut colt and his intelligent young trainer begin the defense of the championship they won last year. For the story of their past and future, turn to page 50.

Photograph by Richard Jeffery



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Next week

THE OLYMPICS BEGIN

▶ Next week's cover is not shown here because it is not yet in existence. It will be a photograph taken on Thursday at Squaw Valley after this issue is on the newsstands.

▶ The 1960 indoor track season reaches a climax with the annual AAU games in New York. In the Olympic year, a first pause to weigh the U.S. athletes' chances at Rome.

▶ The co-owner of the New York Yankees is one of the best-known unknowns in the U.S. Joe David Brown introduces Del E. Webb, builder, sportsman, man of mystery.

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MEMO *from the publisher*

L. L. CALLAWAY JR.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Advertising Director, L. L. Callaway Jr., sometimes inserts a note to our advertisers in their copies of this magazine. Just after the first of the year he wrote them:

The wonderful world of sport will certainly lead off the decade with its best foot, as the Winter Olympics get under way next month. With high thoughts like these in mind it was a little disconcerting to read in a recent issue of Ad Age *a letter from Roy Hilligoss of Milwaukee.*

" 'Sport brings out the best in people,' advertises SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. *Happy examples they might have listed: the debris thrown onto hockey ice . . . 'kill the umpire' and flying beer cans . . . the maiming of Otto Graham and Bobby Layne . . . the general high level ethics of the fight game."*

Mr. Hilligoss might also have added the Pier 6 brawl at December's Giants-Browns game. And yet, we still believe that for most of our generally self-controlled readers, sport is an incentive to the best rather than to the worst.

However, we promise to try not to be too solemn about our slogan, as those of you who are New York commuters will soon see in a series of two-sheet station posters. One is reprinted here in miniature.

I hope I can add, without being too solemn, that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's people, for their part, will keep trying to bring out the best in sport.

Arthur Murphy

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Jimmy Jemail's
HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *What are the best cruising grounds off the North American continent?*

CARLETON MITCHELL
Annapolis, Md.
Winner, 1956 and 1958 Bermuda Race

In summer it's the Bras d'Or Lake region of Nova Scotia. Once you are inside the ocean fog area, you can cruise day after day around an area of breathtaking beauty. In winter, to escape the cold, it's either the Bahamas or, even more attractive, the Virgin Islands, if you can go against the trade winds.

BRADLEY P. NOYES
Marblehead, Mass.
Winner, 1959 Lipton Cup, S.O.R.C.

The New England coast is my favorite. However, I enjoy everything I do, and I've found the Exuma chain in the Bahamas lovely and beautiful cruising grounds. At one time I sailed across the Atlantic and then around England, which has wonderful cruising grounds, similar to our Maine coast.

CONTINUED

SAAB

You may be surprised to hear that many ardent SAAB fans are women. Because of the car's unusual mechanical features and its prowess in competition, most people tend to think of the Saab as a man's vehicle. Yet, actually, it also appeals strongly to the ladies, and a recent survey of 3000 owners tells us why. Most women like the Saab for these reasons: (1) Its ingenious convertible seating lets you load much more into a Saab than you can into any other small sedan. (2) Its easy handling front-wheel-drive gives the car a safe, solid and sure-footed feeling (even on snow and ice) which every woman driver appreciates. (3) Its arctic-type hot water heating warms up faster and defrosts efficiently. A new booklet, written by a woman, covers all the Fine Points of the Saab. May we send you a copy?

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ROBERT I. INGALLS
Pascagoula, Miss.
Chairman of the board
Ingalls Shipbuilding

I like to cruise along the Gulf Coast from Texas to Florida. This area has excellent marinas, good, marked channels and plenty of deep water for large cruising yachts. Most important, the fishing is wonderful. The Florida coast has good yachting, and fishing too, and is best for boats of less than five feet draft.

ALLEN B. DU MONT
Clifton, N.J.
Winner, 1959 National Predicted Log Championship Trophy

In my opinion, the best cruising grounds lie between Execution Rocks in New York and Block Island. There is a great variety of harbors—Watch Hill, Montauk, Greenport, New London, Saybrook, Port Jefferson and Newport. In summer Long Island Sound is relatively calm and good for powerboat cruising.

RICHARD NYE
Greenwich, Conn.
Winner, 1955 and 1957 Transatlantic race

The Maine coast. I particularly like cruising there because it's so different from Long Island Sound and vicinity. The harbors are picturesque, the scenery magnificent, and there are few motorboats. There are so many places that are nice where you can cruise for years without seeing or knowing all the harbors.

CLAYTON EWING
Winner, 1958 Chicago-Mackinac and Port Huron-Mackinac races

The Bahamas, because of the tremendous number of wonderful and inviting harbors. You can cruise there any time of the year. In inland waterways, I think that Georgian Bay and the North Channel, both at the northern end of Lake Huron, are comparable to the Bahamas. They're just filled with beautiful islands and bays.

SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

HOCKEY—In annual match against Cambridge (playing in it merits a half-Blue), **Pete Dawkins,** West Point '59, set fast and furious pace for Oxford, scored a goal, earned two assists before suffering a broken jaw during a body-check collision in closing minutes. Despite fact Oxford team consisted of 13 Canadians and Dawkins, Cambridge team (four Canadians, four Americans, four Englishmen, one Scot) won 6–5.

In one of the most confusing shuffles in NHL history **Red Kelly,** Detroit Red Wing star who 1) was traded to the New York Rangers and 2) retired, rather than leave his homestead and interests in Detroit, wound up with the Toronto Maple Leafs. On reflection, Kelly decided he could bear to leave Detroit more easily than he could bear to leave hockey, fell in with Detroit solution, approved by League Commissioner Clarence Campbell, to join the Leafs. In exchange, Detroit got Maple Leaf Defenseman Marc Reaume.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—One of racing's most spectacular mishaps occurred when 37 cars crashed during 250-mile race at **Daytona International Speedway.** On asphalt surface just dried after heavy rains but not yet abrasive from use, one racer spun out of control and car after car, traveling at speeds up to 120 mph, collided in chain reaction that left the track a mass of bouncing, rolling, colliding machines. Five went to the hospital, and that no one was critically injured suggested either sporting good fortune, a further vindication of NASCAR safety regulations (inner bracing for cars, safety belts, shoulder harnesses and crash helmets for drivers) or a combination of both. After the track was cleared, the race was restarted for a field that included 16 of the cars involved in the crash. **Marion Farr** of Atlanta, driving a 1956 Ford, won with an average speed of 116.6 mph.

FOOTBALL—*In four-hour chat at St. Louis* airport, where they had agreed to meet for their mutual convenience as traveling men, NFL Commissioner **Pete Rozelle** and AFL Commissioner **Joe Foss** swore not to stage talent raids on each other's leagues. "We also agreed it was not possible to have a common draft," said Rozelle, "and we talked about the double contract signings." Not mentioned was the question of NFL expansion. "It just never came up," said Rozelle. Both men found the chat so pleasant they decided to hold a second meeting some time soon.

BASEBALL—New York City Park Commissioner **Robert Moses** gave his indispensable approval to preliminary architectural plans for 55,000-seat stadium to house Continental League team near site of 1939–40 New York World's Fair. Same day, lawyer for the New York Yankees proposed plan that would cost the city less: enlargement of Yankee Stadium to seat 100,000, house both the Yankees and the Continentals. Yankee plan also called for the city to transfer nearby park land to much-needed parking space. Neither Moses nor **Branch Rickey** of the Continentals was impressed. Rickey called Yankee Stadium "antiquated," said of his own architect's plans: "This is progress, and the only way to make progress is to make more progress." Blurted Yankee General Manager George Weiss in a rare public lament: "When I see what's being done for them and consider how we're being left out of the picture, I feel it's time to scream."

FOR THE RECORD

BOBSLED—*EUGENIO MONTI, world champion bobber from Italy, driving borrowed sled and borrowed teammate, GARY SHEFFIELD of Lake Placid, AAU two-man championships, Lake Placid, N.Y.*

BOXING—*LUIS MANUEL RODRIGUEZ, 4-round KO over Carl Hubbard, welterweights, Miami Beach.*
EMILE GRIFFITH, 10-round split decision over Gaspar Ortega, welterweights, Madison Square Garden.
ERICH SCHOEPPNER, European light heavyweight champion from Germany, and IKE HOLT, South Africa, 10-round draw, Dortmund, Germany.
DUILIO LOI, Italy, 15-round decision over Bruno Visintin, Italy, to retain European welterweight title, Milan.

GOLF—*BEVERLY HANSON, Palm Desert, Calif., $7,500 St. Petersburg Women's Open, St. Petersburg, Fla., with 287 for 72 holes.*
CHARLES SHEPPARD, Highland Park, Ill., $3,000 PGA Quarter of a Century Championship, Dunedin, Fla., with 144 for 36 holes.
ANNE QUAST and BILL HYNDMAN over Pat Tiernan and Bob Gardner, 4 and 3, for National Amateur Mixed Foursomes title, Delray Beach, Fla.

HOCKEY—*MONTREAL, first, TORONTO second, BOSTON third in NHL standings. Last week's scores: Chicago 5, Rangers 1; Montreal 4, Toronto 2; Boston 3, Detroit 2; Boston 7, Montreal 6; Toronto 7, Detroit 1; Chicago 2, Montreal 0; Toronto 3, Detroit 1; Boston 3, New York 0.*

HORSE RACING—*AMERIGO, $91,950 Hialeah Turf Cup, 1½ m. in 2:39 1/5, by one length over Rafty, Hialeah. Bill Hartack up.*
BAGDAD, $57,500 San Antonio Handicap, 1⅛ m. in 1:48 1/5, by 2 lengths over First Landing, Santa Anita. Willie Shoemaker up.
NEW POLICY, $67,210 California Breeders' Championship Stakes, 1 1/16 m. in 1:52 2/5, by one length over Noble Noor, Santa Anita. Willie Shoemaker up.
LOOKOUT POINT, $29,800 San Luis Rey Handicap, 1½ m. in 2:33 2/5, by 1¼ lengths over Nickel Boy, Santa Anita. Don Pierce up.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—*JUNIOR JOHNSON, Ronda, N.C., Daytona 500-mile race, with average of 124.7 mph, in Chevrolet, Daytona Beach, Fla.*

SOCCER—*LEICESTER CITY, 2–1 over Tottenham Hotspur, London, for Tottenham's second defeat in 15 matches.*

SWIMMING—*MIKE TROY, American and National Collegiate record for 200-yard butterfly, with time of 2:00.8, Lafayette, Ind.*
CHRIS VON SALTZA, American record for 440-yard freestyle, with time of 4:55.4; JEFF FARRELL, American record for 100-yard freestyle, with time of 0:48.4, New Haven, Conn.

TENNIS—*BARRY MacKAY over Dick Savitt 6–3, 6–7 for Buffalo Indoor Championship, Buffalo.*

TRACK & FIELD—*TOBY BLUE led Herb Elliott by three yards to win Victorian 3-mile championship in 14:9.2, Melbourne, Australia.*

MILEPOSTS—*DIED: ROY F. MACK, 71, eldest son of the late Connie Mack, at Bryn Mawr, Pa. Roy Mack, with his brother Earle and their famous father, was stockholder in Philadelphia Athletics, engineered sale of club to Kansas City, was vice-president and director of Kansas City Athletics until his death.*

DIED: DOROTHY WYNDHAM PAGET, 54, English horse owner, granddaughter of President Grover Cleveland's Navy Secretary William C. Whitney, in her sleep, at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, England. Miss Paget's greatest racer was Golden Miller, winner of five consecutive Cheltenham Gold Cups, as well as the Grand National at Aintree in 1934. In 1943 her colt Straight Deal won the Newmarket Derby.

DIED: ROELOF KLEIN, 82, Olympic rowing champion, at Montclair, N.J. In 1900 Paris Olympics, Klein and F. A. Brandt, representing Holland, won the paired-oared shell with coxswain event. Their time of 7:34.5 has never been excelled in Olympic competition.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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faces in the crowd . . .

BARBARA FITTON, 26-year-old junior high school teacher of physical education from Hamilton, Ohio, upset Veteran Golfer Mary Ann Downey of Baltimore 1 up in seesaw match for Palm Beach, Fla. championship.

HAYES JONES scored never-before-achieved double in Philadelphia track meet: victory in the 50-yard high hurdles and 50-yard dash. Next night in New York he doubled again in 60-yard high hurdles, 60-yard dash.

MRS. GUSTAVA A. SCHIRMER of Greenwich, Conn. took top *honors with* Albert J. Beveridge Jr. of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. in Silver Sailfish Derby at Delray Beach, Fla. Each caught and released 44 sailfish.

JACK SMITH of Atlanta pushed his 1960 Pontiac around Daytona Beach's 2¼-mile International Speedway at average speed of 146.580 mph, set world record for stock racing cars in close 100-mile race.

BRUCE McLAREN, 22-year-old New Zealand auto racer, who won last December's Sebring, Fla. Grand Prix, zipped his Cooper Climax to victory in 195-mile Argentine Grand Prix with an average speed of 84.61 mph.

MRS. C. C. VENABLE of Atlanta, after seeing her family's Pekingese take best-in-show at Westminster show in New York (*see page 16*), announced dog's retirement. Said Mrs. Venable, "Now he'll be able to live like a dog."

FLORENCE NAGEL of Westerlands, Sussex, England, saw her 17-month-old Irish wolfhound Sulhamstead Merman win best-in-show at British equivalent of the Westminster, Cruft's Dog Show in London.

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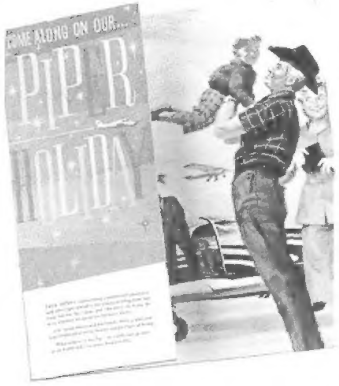

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST

It was about over in the Big Five after **California** took on **USC** and **UCLA**, polished both off with its usual deadly efficiency. USC, Cal's only conqueror, mauled the Bears badly for a half, but the Trojans didn't have a chance once Darrall Imhoff and Bill McClintock took over the boards. They succumbed meekly 57–46. Against second-place UCLA, cautious Cal squeezed the ball as tightly as ever, refused to let up when the Bruins' Johnny Berberich moved to a high post in an attempt to draw Imhoff (who pushed in 16 points, snared 21 rebounds) away from the basket, put down the challengers 53–45 for its seventh league win. However, UCLA, now 5–2, gets another shot at California Saturday in Los Angeles.

Santa Clara muffled a startled **St. Mary's** *in a tight press to win 74–48 and gain a* share of the West Coast lead. But the Broncs choked on their own medicine later, lost to **San Francisco**'s leechlike defense 44–38 and handed first place back to idle St. Mary's.

Skyline leader **Utah State** showed signs of faltering against **Brigham Young**, then began to run and whipped the Cougars 75–64. Utah kept pace by trouncing **Montana** 92–76. **Idaho State** beat **Colorado State** twice 77–66, 80–57, ran its winning streak to 14 to stay ahead in the Rocky Mountain Conference. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (19-1)
2. UTAH STATE (18-2)
3. UTAH (18-2)

THE SOUTHWEST

All season long the question has been, who will take the Southwest Conference *race, Texas A&M or SMU? Now suddenly*, Texas had brusquely shouldered its way into contention—and on SMU's home court, at that. The resourceful Longhorns took full advantage of Albert Almanza's 20 points to surprise the Mustangs 69–65, tie them for second place.

Meanwhile, Texas A&M, with scoring help from brilliant Carroll Broussard (who netted 49 points in two games) and Wilmer Cox, beat **Arkansas** 77–68, pummeled **Rice** 94–53 to stand alone at the top. But the Aggies still had Texas to face Tuesday night in Austin. **New Mexico State** continued to lead the Border Conference, despite a loss to **Hardin-Simmons** 68–66. The top three:

1. TEXAS A&M (16-2)
2. TEXAS (13-5)
3. SMU (13-5)

THE EAST

There was no doubt now. **St. John's**, its sophomores looking better in every game, was the best in the East. The *Redmen* proved it with an impressive 79–73 victory over **West Virginia**—despite 32 points by All-America Jerry West. Playmaker Ivan Kovacs' hustling drives, Tony Jackson's jump shots and Leroy Ellis' rebounding were simply too much for the hard-pressed Mountaineers, who desperately went into a zone defense to protect a 58–55 lead, gave up 13 quick points and were behind the rest of the way. Two

SHROUDED in headgear to protect fractured jaw, St. Mary's Tom Meschery fights for rebound against Santa Clara.

nights later, the Redmen outscored **Fordham** 83–64 for their eighth straight win.

NYU, although soundly trounced by West Virginia 98–69 in Morgantown, announced it had accepted an NCAA invitation, then whipped **Manhattan** 75–54, used Tom Sanders' rebounding and 25 points to overcome favored **Villanova** 62–50. **St. Bonaventure** and **Providence**, both in the NIT, went at it for three overtime periods until Tom Stith, who scored 46 points, put the Bonnies ahead for good 90–89. **Dartmouth**'s Ivy leaders, beaten by **Holy Cross** 72–71, also fell before **Brown** 84–82 in double overtime.

Duquesne upset **Dayton** 79–66 and lost to St. Bonaventure 83–75; unbeaten **Maine**'s bubble burst at **Connecticut** as it lost its first game 91–79, quickly

followed that with another loss, 97–85 to **Rhode Island.** The top three:

1. **ST. JOHN'S (14-5)**
2. **NYU (13-3)**
3. **VILLANOVA (17-2)**

THE SOUTH

Stymied by **North Carolina**'s clinging man-to-man, **Wake Forest**'s luck began to change when fouls forced the Tar Heels into a zone in the second half. With Sophomore Center Len Chappell foraging on the inside, while Guards George Ritchie and Allie Hart shot over the defense, the Deacons made up a seven-point deficit, handed North Carolina its first Atlantic Coast defeat 80–69. The Tar Heels recovered to beat **Duke** 84–57, and Wake Forest outran **South Carolina** 104–94, but both were beginning to worry about improving **North Carolina State**, which knocked over Duke 63–53, **Maryland** 48 46 for its fourth and fifth games in a row.

For once, the Southeastern Conference played according to form. Jump-shooting Roger Kaiser led league-leading **Georgia Tech** past **LSU** 76–56, **Georgia Teachers** 66–53. **Auburn**, first in the nation in shooting accuracy, bolstered its percentage while beating **Florida** 89–51, LSU 63–61. **Kentucky** ran away from **Mississippi State** 90 59, held off **Notre Dame** 68–65.

Virginia Tech's hungry Gobblers defeated **William & Mary** 82–66, **The Citadel** 86 74, but were still tied for first place with **West Virginia**, a 103 57 winner over **Richmond. Miami**, upset by **Stetson** 73 72, achieved its heart's desire: an NCAA invitation; **Memphis State** accepted a bid to the NIT, then lost to **Wichita** 79–75. The top three:

1. **GEORGIA TECH (19-3)**
2. **WEST VIRGINIA (20-3)**
3. **NORTH CAROLINA (12-4)**

THE MIDWEST

If any further evidence were needed that Oscar Robertson is the one college player who can pick up a team and lead it to victory, the **Cincinnati** star provided it last week. After scoring 62 points in a 123 74 win over **North Texas State**, Oscar took charge when his Bearcats trailed **St. Louis** 50–47, scored nine straight as Cincinnati won 60–57. **Bradley** set back **Houston** 78–57, **Drake** 68 63 to keep step with Cincinnati in the Missouri Valley.

It was the same old story in the Big Ten. **Ohio State** brushed aside **Wisconsin** 106 69, **Iowa** 75 47, leaving second place to those who would take it. **Indiana**, with five straight, and **Illinois** were the most likely candidates.

Colorado, still making the most surprising noises in the Big Eight, beat **Oklahoma State** at its own ball-control game 48 40, moved up to share the lead with **Kansas State** when **Kansas** beat the Wildcats 64–62. The top three:

1. **BRADLEY (19-4)**
2. **CINCINNATI (19-1)**
3. **OHIO STATE (17-2)**

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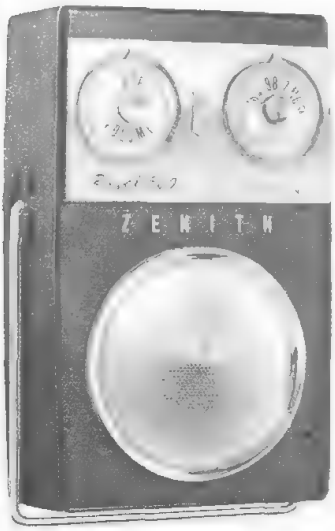

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COMING EVENTS

February 19 to February 25
All times are E.S.T.

★ *Color Television* ◉ *Television* ■ *Network radio*

Friday, February 19

BOXING
◉ ■ Matthews vs. Godih, lights, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

TENNIS
USLTA Men's Indoor Champs., New York (through Feb. 22).

WINTER OLYMPICS
◉ ■ Figure skating, cross-country, downhill, hockey, Squaw Valley, Calif. (CBS-TV, NBC-radio).*

Saturday, February 20

BASKETBALL (college)
◉ Michigan at Minnesota (Big Ten Regional, Sports Network).*
◉ Oklahoma at Iowa State (Big Eight Regional, Sports Network).*
[pro]
Boston at St. Louis.
★ Detroit at Cincinnati, 2:15 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
◉ All-Star Golf series, Bolt vs. Finsterwald, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC).

HOCKEY
◉ Boston at Detroit, 2 p.m. (CBS).

HORSE RACING
★ ■ Widener Handicap, $100,000 added, Hialeah Park, Fla. (NBC).*

SQUASH
National Singles, Rochester (through Feb. 22).

TRACK & FIELD
U.S. Indoor Men's Champs., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York.

WINTER OLYMPICS
◉ ■ Figure skating, speed skating, cross-country, downhill, hockey (CBS-TV, NBC and Mutual radio).*

Sunday, February 21

BASKETBALL (pro)
◉ Detroit at Syracuse (NBC).*

GOLF
◉ World Championship Golf Series, Snead vs. Johnson, 4:30 p.m. (NBC).

HOCKEY
Boston at New York.
Montreal at Detroit.
Toronto at Chicago.

WINTER OLYMPICS
◉ ■ Figure skating, speed skating, biathlon, giant slalom, Nordic combined, hockey (CBS-TV, NBC and Mutual radio).*

Monday, February 22

BASKETBALL (college)
Villanova at Wake Forest.

FIELD TRIALS
N.A.F.T. Shooting Dog champs., Union Springs, Ala. (opening day).

WINTER OLYMPICS
◉ ■ Figure skating, speed skating, Nordic combined, hockey (CBS-TV, NBC-radio).*

Tuesday, February 23

BASKETBALL (college)
Holy Cross at Providence.
Maryland at North Carolina.

TENNIS
USLTA Women's Indoor Champs., Chestnut Hill, Mass. (through Feb. 26).

WINTER OLYMPICS
◉ ■ Figure skating, speed skating, giant slalom, cross-country, hockey (CBS-TV, NBC-radio).*

Wednesday, February 24

BOXING
◉ Tiger vs. Armstrong, middles, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).

RODEO
Houston Fat Stock Show, $43,000, Houston (through March 6).

WINTER OLYMPICS
◉ ■ Figure skating, speed skating, slalom, hockey (CBS-TV, NBC-radio).*

Thursday, February 25

GOLF
LPGA Tampa Open, $7,500, Tampa, Fla.

WINTER OLYMPICS
◉ ■ Figure skating, speed skating, cross-country relay, hockey (CBS-TV, NBC-radio).*

* See local listing

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CONFIDENT MIHALY IGLOI'S RUNNERS WON TWO RACES

SMILING BILL BOWERMAN HAD A FIRST, TWO SECONDS

MASTERS OF

With a new approach, Track Coaches Mihaly Igloi of Hungary and Bill Bowerman of Oregon are producing America's best and biggest crop of distance runners–

by TEX MAULE

THE TALL, BLOND YOUNGSTER, moving with a graceful, precise and economical stride, took the lead almost casually as the Baxter milers moved into the last two laps of the race. Dyrol Burleson slid by Jim Beatty, running confidently, and began the long, hard, finishing drive with which he usually kills off his competition. He seemed sure that it would kill off Beatty; the crowd in Madison Square Garden last week, responding to his bid with a steadily mounting roar, seemed sure of it, too. But Beatty, a short, deep-chested runner whose stride is choppy by comparison with Burleson's, refused to die. He hung a step behind as the pair left the field far back. Then, as they came out of the last turn, Beatty began his own drive, a powerful burst climaxed by a lunge which catapulted him into the yarn an Adam's apple ahead of Burleson. It was the best mile race of the indoor season (4:05.4) and, more importantly for track fans, revealed an exciting new competition between two of the finest distance coaches in the business.

Mihaly Igloi, Beatty's coach, is a small, sandy-haired, humorless man who is fanatically devoted to teaching the art of running far and fast. Bill Bowerman, Burleson's coach, is a big, outgoing man with a somewhat violent sense of humor who is just as obsessed with track as Igloi. Igloi, who defected with other Hungarians after the 1956 Olympics, now coaches the Santa Clara Youth Village, a club for track hopefuls near San Jose, Calif. Bowerman is coach for the University of Oregon.

In indoor track meets from Los Angeles to New York and Philadelphia, the two men last week proved their pre-eminence in the matter of producing distance runners. Bowerman, who has developed more home-grown distance stars than any other American coach, was spreading his talent in unprecedented fashion. He had Jim Grelle (first in the 1,000) and Bill Dellinger (second in the mile) at Los Angeles; George Larson and Dick Miller (third and fifth in the mile) at Philadelphia; and Burleson and Vic Reeve (fourth in the mile) at New York. Igloi, with a smaller stable, beat Bowerman's Oregon runners at Philadelphia with Laszlo Tabori in the mile, and he beat them again in New York's Baxter

ENDURANCE

Mile with Beatty, a North Carolina graduate with a heretofore undistinguished record.

Igloi, who fusses over his runners like a mother hen, was at Philadelphia and New York. Bowerman, a much more relaxed type who nonetheless shares Igloi's intense personal regard for his athletes, remained in Eugene, Oregon to teach a class in skiing, sure that his preparations had been as complete as he could make them and that his boys would perform well on their own.

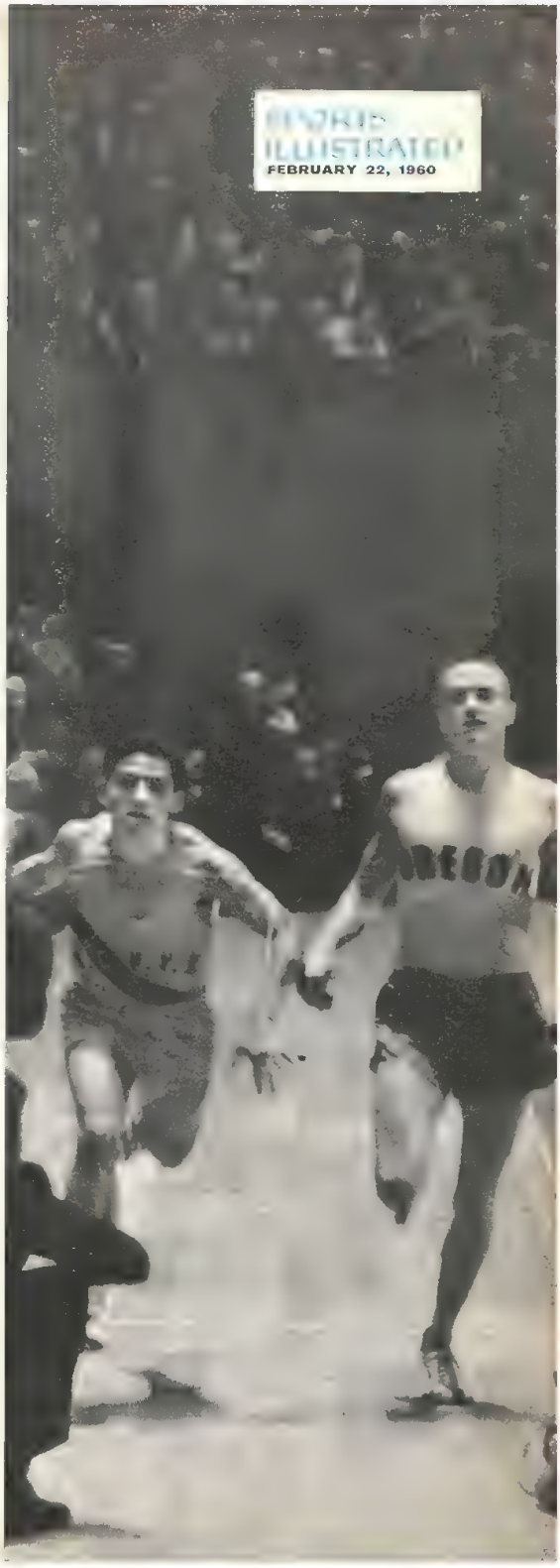
Bowerman knows his runners well enough to be sure of their reactions to any situation. Like Igloi and, indeed, following in the tradition of most European coaches, he has a deep regard for the psychological problems of his athletes, and his success in developing this country's first nucleus of distance runners comes as much from this aspect of his coaching as from his considerable technical gifts.

"Bill is always thinking about you and helping you," Dellinger, who is one of America's strongest hopes in the Olympic 5,000-meter, said in Los Angeles. A 25-year-old graduate student, he has been under Bowerman's tutelage for six years. "Last year I was still in the Air Force and I was going to run in the Coliseum Relays. I was lying in the hotel room trying to decide whether to run in the mile or the two-mile. The phone rings and it's Bill. 'What are you going to run in tonight?' he wants to know. I told him I didn't know. 'Try the mile,' he said. 'We been working toward it, and I think you're ready.' I don't even know how Bill knew where to find me. But he did."

Grelle, who won the 1,000 at Los Angeles, is typical of a Bowerman-trained runner. He's almost painfully slender, and he's devoted to Bowerman. "If he has one idea that takes precedence, it's that he likes you to watch your weight," Grelle said. "When you check in with him, he says 'You better lose a couple of pounds.' He says it without hardly looking at you. You could probably be dying of beriberi and Bill would say, offhand, 'You better lose a couple of pounds.' "

Bowerman has a detailed schedule for each of his athletes to follow, based on what he considers their capability to be. He has, for instance, five-minute milers, 4:24 milers, 4:04 milers, and the boys in these categories

continued



DIVING FINISH gives Jim Beatty of Santa Clara Youth Village victory by a neck over Oregon's young Dyrol Burleson in the fastest (4:05.4) mile of the 1960 Garden track season.

stick to the schedule he gives them. Eight of his runners are capable of 4:10 or faster.

"Every kid thinks he can run a four-minute mile," says Bowerman. "But if he's at the schedule point where he's a 4:12 miler, there's no use kidding himself. He works at that pace and schedule."

Igloi's runners are usually much more mature than the youngsters Bowerman develops. Tabori, for instance, is 28, and Beatty, who came to Igloi after finishing four years of college, is 25. Dellinger, 25, and Grelle, 23, are the oldest of Bowerman's stable; the others range from 18 (Reeve) to 21 (Miller). Burleson, who may be the best miler in the U.S. come time for Olympic trials, is only 19 and can reasonably be expected to improve until he is in his late 20s.

Bowerman is a testy taskmaster who insists that his runners do what he thinks best.

"He wants you to run so's you get a clock in your head," Dellinger says. "If he says, 'I want you to run a 60-second quarter,' and he gets some freshman who's trying to make an impression and runs it in 57 seconds, he really chews him out. He'll say, 'I want you to run what I tell you to run. If you don't, I won't time you any more. You can go run on your own. You're not learning anything.' "

Strict as he is in practice sessions, Bowerman relaxes his runners with some fairly atrocious practical jokes. Dick Miller, a two-miler who tried the mile at Philadelphia and found the combination of his first indoor meet and the unfamiliar distance too much, was the victim of a typical Bowerman jape.

Eating rare roast beef some six hours before he was to run, the scholarly-looking Miller told this story with huge, if mystifying, pleasure.

"Bill kept after me for a long time to get some dental work done," he said. "He's that way. He knows every little thing about you and he worries about you. You can go to him with any problem, and he'll hustle out and do something for you. Anyway, I finally got the dental work done, and when I came out to practice, he said, 'Open your mouth and let me see.' So I opened my mouth and he popped a worm into it. Of course I spit it out, and he said, 'Don't do that. You're supposed to bite down on it.' "

When he's not busy working with his runners or devising new and more horrible practical jokes, Bowerman is a tinkerer. He makes track shoes for his athletes, trying always to cut down on weight. "The ordinary track shoe is covered with junk," he says. "Leather trim, tongue, laces. All unnecessary." Bowerman's shoe, which he cuts and sews himself to fit the athlete, is a combination of scraps of leather, elastic and canvas which weighs only about four ounces, as against $6\frac{1}{2}$ ounces for the ordinary shoe. Bowerman figures that if he cuts the weight of the shoe an ounce, he's saving the runner from lifting approximately 200 pounds in a mile race, depending upon the runner's stride. Bowerman has also devised a track surface made of a combination of rubber and asphalt which he believes will be in general use in a few years. A portable shot-put ring which

RELAXED Jim Grelle, recent victor in New York, has now won two big races.

RESIGNED Bill Dellinger tried mile, finished second to Phil Coleman on Coast.

CHEERFUL Vic Reeve, Oregon freshman, finished fourth in his first board mile.

he worked out has a surface of plywood and industrial paint and gives good traction even in the rain. Parry O'Brien likes the ring very much and may eventually break a world record in one developed by Bowerman.

Bowerman lives with his wife, Barbara, and two of his three sons (one is in the Marines) in a big, rambling house he built himself. It is situated on 90 acres of land overlooking the McKenzie River, and on almost any given day you are likely to find there —in addition to a lively assortment of livestock including rattlesnakes, raccoons and sheep —Oregon runners, alone or in packs, who drop in at odd moments with or without invitation.

In Bowerman's lexicon, the highest praise he can give a runner is to call him a tiger. The six he sent out last week are all tigers. "A tiger," Burleson explained before his race in New York, "is tough. Aggressive. Bill doesn't want you to give away anything on the track. Never make it easy for the fellows you run against."

Burleson ran a reasonably tigerish race Saturday night in losing to Beatty, Igloi's tiger. He and Vic Reeve, a freshman from Canada, flew in from Eugene some seven hours late, reaching New York at 5 in the morning of the day before the race.

"We had a seven-hour layover in Chicago," Burleson said. "We went in to watch a movie while we were waiting, and it was very cold and I got the sniffles. But Beatty ran a fine race."

Burleson and Reeve relaxed the night before the meet by going to see *The Music Man*. They had seats in the front row and seemed as amused by a lady cellist as by the show. She bowed away without missing a note while reading a magazine.

Saturday the Oregon runners slept until 1 p.m., then visited the Empire State Building and the United Nations. They dressed for the meet in their hotel room, reached the Garden in time to warm up, ran their race and went back to the hotel. They did not see any other events because Burleson was so disgusted with himself.

"I wasn't driving off the turn," Burleson said furiously in his hotel room as he changed from his track clothes. "I didn't think anyone was coming up. I don't care if the time was good. It doesn't matter. It's the guy who crosses the line first. I hope I can run against Beatty again soon."

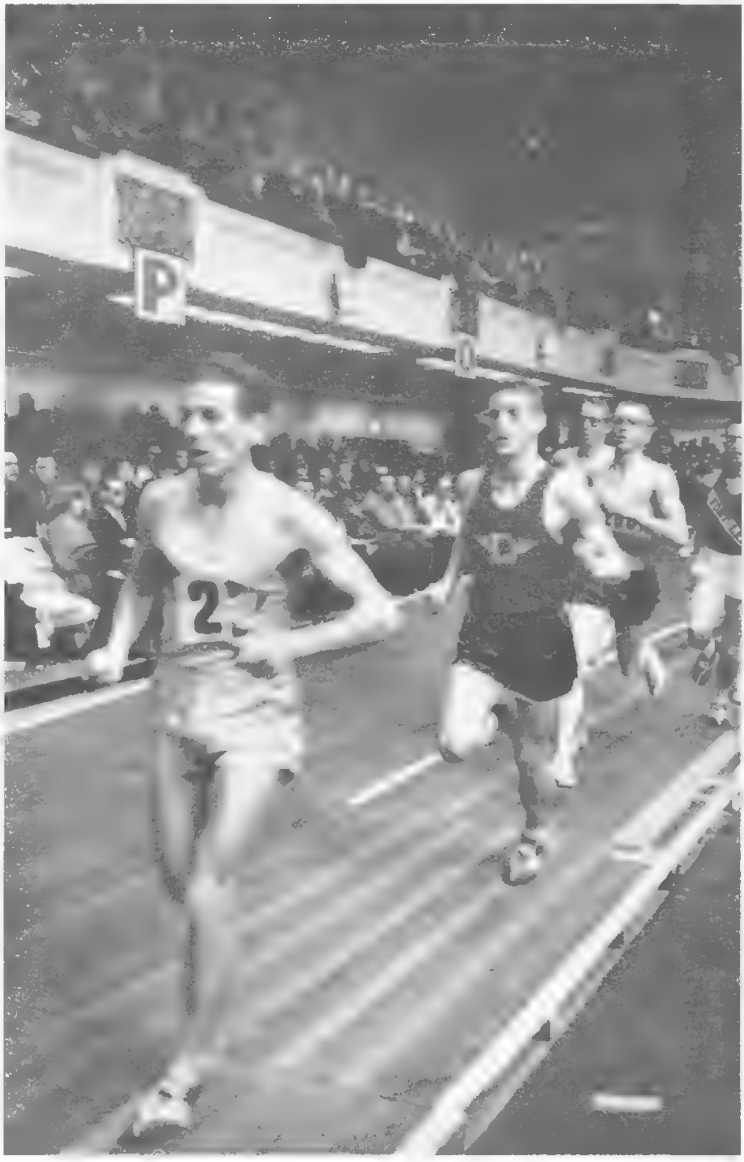
Burleson was still angry with himself after he had dressed. "I shouldn't eat anything," he said morosely. "I just had one meal today, but I think I'll put myself on bread and water. I ought to teach myself a lesson."

He relented in time to eat a turkey sandwich and drink two glasses of milk in the hotel coffee shop. He is rail-thin, like the other Oregon runners, and he pushed away an order of French fried potatoes that came with his sandwich. "No dessert," he said. "Bill says we can eat anything we like, but some things should be avoided, like French fries and dessert."

He got up and stretched, a tired and unhappy youngster.

"Let's get to bed," he said to Reeve. "We've got a 7 o'clock plane." He and Reeve walked away, two thin, very young-looking tigers on the way back to tell Bill what had happened. **END**

IGLOI PROTEGE Laszl. Tabori, shown leading in the Philadelphia mile, runs well ahead of straining Oregon contenders George Larson (third) and Dick Miller (fourth).



WALKING PAST FLOWER-BEDECKED BOX, MISS STERLING, WITH MRS. PAUL RANDOLPH UP, SHOWS STRIDE THAT WON A SECOND PLACE

Photographs by Flip Schulke

TELLTALE HOOFS

The ring was elegant at Miami's Charity Horse Show, but behind the scenes the abuse of the Tennessee Walking Horse continued unchecked

by ALICE HIGGINS

JUST BEFORE the Miami Charity Horse Show got under way this month, the management called the Tennessee Walking Horse exhibitors together for a pow-wow with Judge J.A. (Toby) Green. "Boys," said Toby, as cold-eyed as any TV sheriff, "don't fool around. I'm not tying [awarding ribbons to] any sore horses."

What Judge Green was referring to, of course, was the well-known practice of deliberately injuring the horse's front feet or legs in order artificially to induce a showier running walk (SI, Jan. 11). His words were praiseworthy, but their effect did not last long. Before the week was out, as these pictures prove, Judge Green did tie at least one sore horse, giving a second-place ribbon to Mrs. Paul Randolph's Miss Sterling.

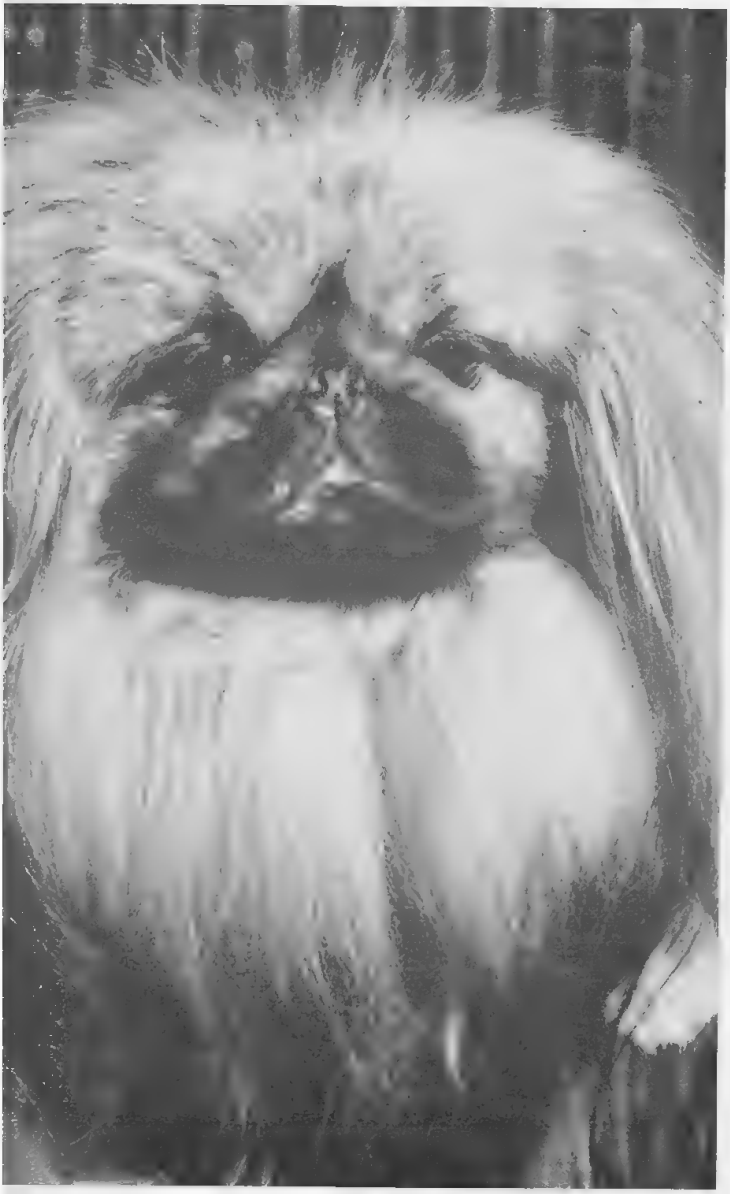
Miss Sterling's owners were well aware of the sores—"as long as you have boots, you can't cure them, no matter how you try," said Paul Randolph later—but not a single protest was lodged by the American Horse Shows Association's steward, the Miami show officials or the exhibitors themselves. All, from Judge Green to the show's lowest committee member, have an out—they did not look under the boot, which they could have, according to the AHSA rules. They chose, instead, to pursue their habitual policy of "ignorance is bliss."

Thus, in the elegant, flower-bedecked ring of Florida's biggest show, the abuse of the Tennessee Walking Horse continued. The Humane Society of Greater Miami did inspect some boots, but its representatives were the bewildered victims of an equine shell game. The boots the representative was shown were as clean as a newly washed hoof. The SPCA did not, however, inspect the horses, even when, on another occasion, one Walking mare was excused from the ring with blood oozing over the top of her bell boot. The ringmaster, quite correctly, refused to let the mare in question take

continued on page 53

AFTER THE CLASS Miss Sterling shows scabby sores *circled* which bell boots hid. Such wounds, says horse's owner, are inevitable and will remain as long as the old-style boot is worn.

A BIG YEAR FOR LITTLE DOGS



BEST-IN-SHOW Ch. Chik T'Sun of Caversham, owned by Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Venable of Atlanta and handled by Clara Alford, was first Peke to win at Garden.

As the 84th annual Westminster Kennel Club show got down to the judging for best of the 2,547 dogs in show in Madison Square Garden last week, one prospect seemed clear: 1960 would be the year of the little dog. Of the six contending group winners not one was over 17 inches high. There was a Pembroke Welsh corgi, Ch. Cote de Neige Sundew; an Ascot cocker spaniel, Ch. Pinetop's Fancy Parade; Ch. The Ring's Banshee; a bulldog, Ch. Vardona Frosty Snowman; and a Scottish terrier, Ch. Blanart Bewitching. But the judge's final pat landed on a reddish-colored ball of fluff which lumped only 8½ inches high. Ch. Chik T'Sun of Caversham, a Pekingese, gracefully trotted off with the prize, first for his breed at the Garden. But the victory was the 127th best-in-show for 9½-pound Chik T'Sun, and it marked the end of a spectacular three-year winning record unmatched by any other dog.

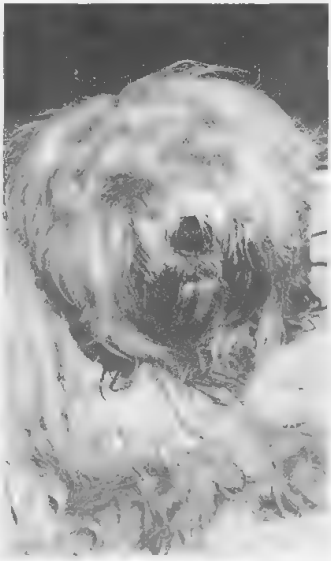
Photographs by Jerry Cooke

TIRED TERRIER, Harold Florsheim's Airedale, Westhay Fiona of Harham, rests.

BRIGHT LIGHTS and battery of photographers crowd about new champ as Chik T'Sun poses after Westminster win.

BRIGHT FUTURE awaits group-winning finalist, Ch. The Ring's Banshee, first basset ever to win show's best-in-hound group.

ROYAL CONTENDER was Duchess of Windsor's Pugville's Imperial Imp, II.



ORIENTAL IMPORT Hsaio Chin Ti, was only *Shih Tzu* entered in miscellaneous class.

A VIEW HALLOO OF HUNTSMEN

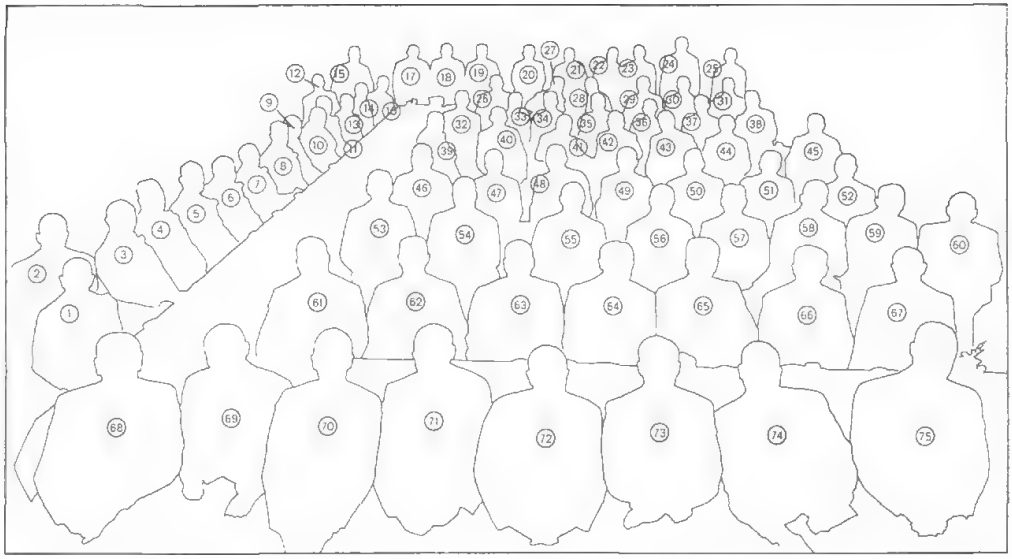
Photograph by Carl Klein

In a blaze of flame-red coats and ice-white vests, 75 members of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America met in Manhattan to conduct the year's business, attend an annual ball and mass for a rare group portrait. Pursued today from coast to coast, the fox has been a favorite quarry for 200 years in the U.S., and the talk of the members, the elite of American fox hunting, was not a far cry from the 18th century. It still

concerned the courtesy due farmers, the schooling of horses and the training and breeding of hounds (the membership was cheered this year by the information that American-bred hounds with five-generation pedigrees are now admissible to the English studbook). But more peculiar to these times was talk of the ever-narrowing limits of choice hunting grounds. "George Washington could run to the hounds for miles," said one MFH reflectively. "We're doing well to find a half mile uncluttered with wire fences and housing projects."

Because U.S. fox hunting is continuing to grow, the MFHs have a natural concern for the fox supply. Their attitude, defined not long ago by an MFHA president: "The last thing we want is to kill a good red fox. Once we find a good one we look for him again and again. If he is hurt we practically go into mourning."

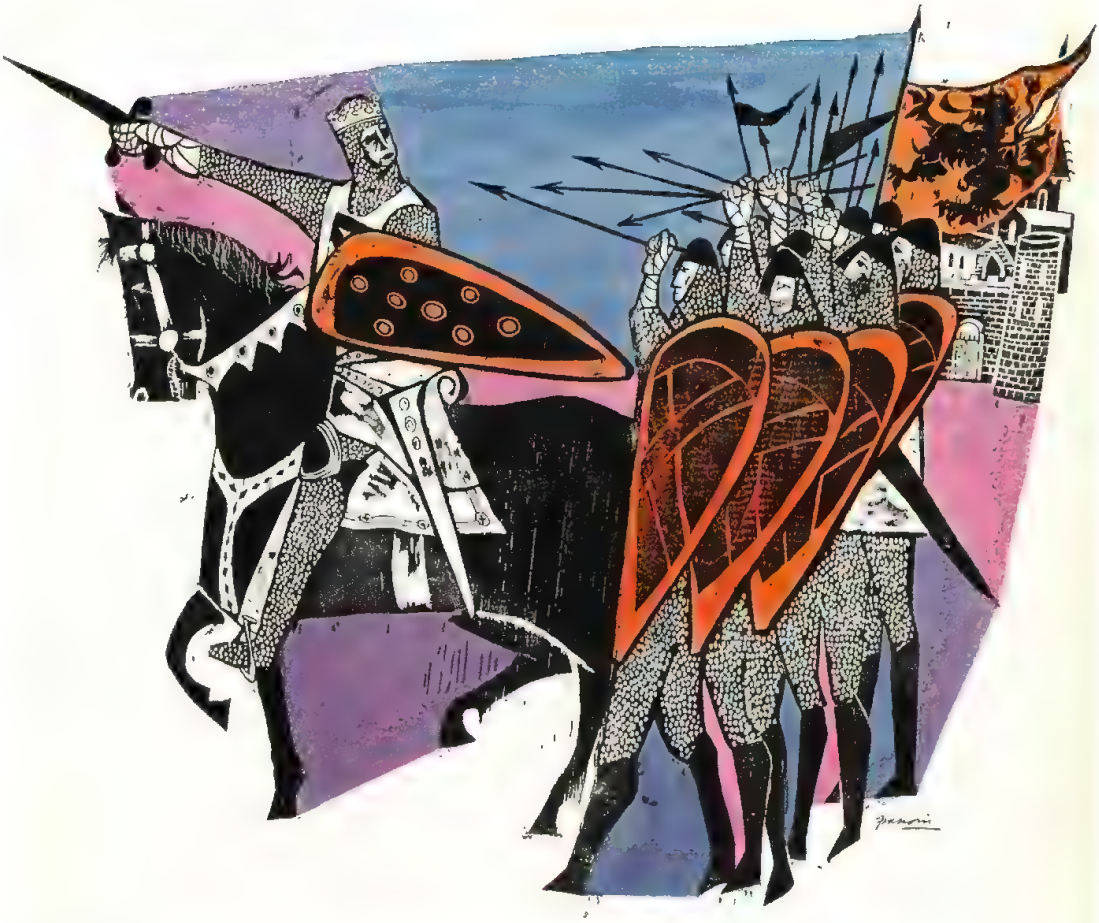
FOR WHO'S WHO, TURN THE PAGE



A WHO'S WHO KEY TO AMERICAN MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS

see picture on pages 18-19

Fifty of the delegates to the convention of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America were from the traditional riding-hunting states of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New York and Kentucky, another seven from states, north and south, of the original 13. But a hearty complement (18) hailed from farther west—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Colorado, California and from Canada. Key to the Masters, past and present, who attended: **1** Torrence Miller, Greensburg, Pa.; **2** Alexander Mackay-Smith, White House, Va.; **3** Charles N. Kindersley, Todmorden, Ont.; **4** Devereux Milburn Jr., Glen Head, N.Y.; **5** J. Fife Symington Jr., MFHA secretary-treasurer, Glyndon, Md.; **6** William J. Clothier, Phoenixville, Pa.; **7** Fletcher Harper, honorary vice-president, The Plains, Va.; **8** William Almy Jr., president, South Westport, Mass.; **9** Newell J. Ward Jr., first vice-president, Middleburg, Va.; **10** John B. H. Carter, Malvern, Pa.; **11** Clifford Sifton, Aurora, Ont.; **12** Lawrence C. Phipps Jr., Littleton, Colo.; **13** Denison B. Hull, Barrington, Ill.; **14** J. Stanley Reeve, Haverford, Pa.; **15** Joseph Jones, Boston; **16** Victor J. McQuade, Millbrook, N.Y.; **17** Charles E. Roller Jr., Staunton, Va.; **18** Clifton M. Miller, Chestertown, Md.; **19** Dr. Richard T. Gilyard, Woodbury, Conn.; **20** Charles H. Tompkins Jr., Casanova, Va.; **21** Frederick E. Haight II, Litchfield, Conn.; **22** T. A. Mohlman, Hinsdale, Ill.; **23** William E. Carroll, Rockville, Md.; **24** James Pease, Sunset Hills, Va.; **25** Paul T. Winter, Altoona, Pa.; **26** H. Richard P. Neihoff, Gahanna, Ohio; **27** Charles V. Hickox, Glen Head, N.Y.; **28** Sherman P. Haight Sr., Litchfield, Conn.; **29** George Cole Scott, Richmond, Va.; **30** Buford Danner, Zionsville, Ind.; **31** Richard Hutchison Jr., Sandy Spring, Md.; **32** H. Douglas Paxson, Doylestown, Pa.; **33** Sherman P. Haight Jr., Litchfield, Conn.; **34** Samuel E. Bogley, Rockville, Md.; **35** James B. Orthwin, Defiance, Mo.; **36** Wilbur Ross Hubbard, Chestertown, Md.; **37** Edward D. Mulligan, Genesee, N.Y.; **38** C. Reed Thomas, Sunset Hills, Va.; **39** Ernst Mahler, Tryon, N.C.; **40** O. M. Fuller, London, Ont.; **41** Henry L. Collins Jr., Malvern, Pa.; **42** F. C. Wallace, Todmorden, Ont.; **43** Edward F. Spears, Lexington, Ky.; **44** Daniel M. McKeon, North Salem, N.Y.; **45** B. E. Bowen, Waterbury, Conn.; **46** William C. Elliott, Media, Pa.; **47** Robert Y. White, Gates Mills, Ohio; **48** Robert E. Strawbridge Jr., Unionville, Pa.; **49** William P. Wadsworth, second vice-president, Genesee, N.Y.; **50** William F. Dobbs, Glen Head, N.Y.; **51** Walter M. Jeffords Jr., Christiana, Pa.; **52** G. Allan Burton, Todmorden, Ont; **53** Thomas L. Ashbridge III, Doylestown, Pa.; **54** Earl S. Hoy, Southern Pines, N.C.; **55** George C. Clement, Ligonier, Pa.; **56** John G. Howland, Greenwich, Conn.; **57** Oliver M. Healey, Atlanta; **58** Edward E. Marshall Jr., Doylestown, Pa.; **59** Lowry Watkins, Louisville; **60** William Wallace Mein, Atherton, Calif.; **61** James S. Abrams, Litchfield, Conn.; **62** Nathaniel T. Clark, Dover, Mass.; **63** John H. Richards Jr., Media, Pa.; **64** Dr. Lewis Aitken, Defiance, Mo.; **65** William H. Kay Jr., Salt Point, N.Y.; **66** Hulburd Johnston, Wadsworth, Ill.; **67** Frank E. Richardson Jr., Sewickley, Pa.; **68** Charles Green Turner, The Plains, Va.; **69** George Jacobsen, Como, Que.; **70** C. G. Rice, Hamilton, Mass.; **71** Philip L. Bondy, North Salem, N.Y.; **72** Hugh B. Sproul Jr., Staunton, Va.; **73** Joshua J. D. Derry, Barrington, Ill.; **74** Andrew J. Shinkle, Defiance, Mo.; **75** Kenneth J. Edwards, Casanova, Va.



Woodcuts — designs transferred from carved blocks of wood — require the eye of an artist, the hand of a craftsman. Antonio Frasconi, a foremost exponent of this ancient art form, has both. The strong simplicity that marks his work is evident in this woodcut of Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn, commissioned expressly for The Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series.

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A Pair of Natural Aces

As the pace quickens in an Olympic year, Australia's famous swimming Konradses stand ready to meet all comers

by FRED HUBBARD

THIS LAST November, as Australian boys and girls were cut loose from school for their summer holidays, the 600 students of Sydney Technical High School got some solid farewell advice from their graduating student body captain. "It is obvious," wrote John Konrads in the Sydney Tech yearbook, "that success can only be achieved through hard work, not only in studies but in sport and society." The message was considerably reinforced by the rewards 17-year-old John Konrads had earned by graduation time. From school he got one A and six B's and a prize for leadership, scholarship and sportsmanship. From the world at large, in the past two years, he has received more honors for his success as a swimmer than any man since Weissmuller.

A few miles away from Sydney Tech, at Birrong Girls High School, the headmaster appended an approving note to the year-end report of Konrads' 16-year-old sister Ilsa, who graduates next November. Ilsa Konrads, the headmaster observed, "is a good, quiet student whose work has shown big improvement." Sister Ilsa has always been the quieter of the famous pair, but in their special realm of swimming, where noise counts for nothing, she has pulled even with brother John. Each Konrads now holds six of the 10 freestyle records recognized for men and women.

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

YOUNG STARS John and Ilsa Konrads have led the swimming world since 1958.

WILLING SLAVES TO WORK

Two years ago, when they took over from the triumphant veterans of the 1956 Olympics, the pair became fondly known the world over as the Konrads kids. They are still breaking records, but they are kids no longer—as anyone seeing young Ilsa in a skintight tank suit will readily confirm. Though sophisticated by swimming sorties into 14 foreign countries, the Konradses still are willing slaves to the ideal of hard work and little glory back at the hometown Bankstown pool. In the past two years each has swum more than 2,500 miles, and each will probably swim another thousand between now and the Olympic Games at Rome. In the New South Wales championships last month, Ilsa Konrads set a new world record of 4:45.4 for 440 yards and brother John lowered his own 220-yard record to 2:01.9. But there will be little letup for either between now and the 1960 Games. Neither Konrads is a sure bet to win even his distance specialties at the Olympics. At 1,500 meters John is still body lengths ahead of anybody, but at 400 meters Tsuyoshi Yamanaka of Japan is matching him stroke for stroke. In her distance specialty, 400 meters, Ilsa Konrads now has a clearer shot at the title than her brother, though by next August any one of a half dozen Australian, American or Dutch girls might beat her to the finish wall.

The Konrads pair are entering what in swimming might be called most accurately the dangerous age. It is a virtue and at the same time a peculiar weakness of the sport that the age of competitors has never been an inhibiting factor. Youngsters have often ruled the sport, collecting the medals, seeing the world—and then, having hit the top early, by the age of 18 have become so jaded that they found nothing left in the monotony of training except a strong taste of chlorine. How both Konradses manage to survive the grinding work without going stale is a question whose answers lie principally in physiology and the whole curious pattern of their pressure-packed way of life.

The noted swimming coach and graduate physiologist Forbes Carlile recently put both Konradses through three hours of tests to find out how they were standing up in their last tough, pre-Olympic campaign. Carlile found them to be extraordinary specimens working well within their limits. John Konrads at 5 feet 10½ inches and 182 pounds has a lung capacity of 6.5 liters, almost a third more than an average man of comparable size. The electrocardiogram indicates that his outsize heart has a pumping capacity equal to that of the great Australian milers, Landy and Elliott. Ilsa is even more phenomenal: considering her sex and size, her capacity exceeds them all. Ilsa, who started record-breaking as a gangling 13-year-old, stands now 5 feet 8½ inches and, unbelievably, weighs 150 pounds. No one can truly say where she puts all that weight, for it only shows where it should.

The Konrads home is a big factor in their constant fresh enthusiasm for the long workouts. Their house is a modest brick-and-weatherboard rented bungalow just a few yards

continued

from the busy Hume Highway linking Sydney with Melbourne. Though its six rooms are neatly arranged, there are plenty of reminders that swimmers live there. The dining room buffet is laden with trophies, and brightly colored towels and swimsuits, flung down with customary teen-age abandon, adorn the chairs and beds in their rooms. The walls of John's room are festooned with pictures of swimmers, pennants and a large Welsh flag that somehow vanished from Cardiff after the last Empire Games.

John and Ilsa's mother and father, a quiet refugee couple who fled from the Communist occupation of their Latvian homeland, have cheerfully accepted the extra financial problems that have arisen since their children became world-beaters. Training and travel cost money, and with John Konrads Sr.'s earnings as a dental technician coming to the equivalent of $105 weekly, the parents have had to sacrifice. Mother Elza Konrads, a pleasant, gray-haired lady of 55, has no complaints. "My husband and I count for nothing," she has observed. "John and Ilsa now have names you can't buy with money, and it will help them in later life."

The stern and almost daily demands of topnotch swimming rule out many of the comforts of a normal home life. From September through mid-April—theoretical months for competitive swimmers down under—the Konradses' routine would do the old Greeks of Sparta proud. In the pre-dawn, at 5:30 a.m., before even the great Australian runners who follow the ascetic Cerutty have set foot on a sand dune, while cricketers and footballers are still snoring and the world-famous tennis men are still dreaming of service aces, the Konrads pair are up and dressed. By 6 o'clock they have eaten steak or chopped beef, eggs and coffee and are headed for the Bankstown pool two miles away. Even by six in the morning, Bankstown's green waters are lashed into choppy waves by the flailing and kicking of hundreds of Aussie youngsters bent on someday beating the Konradses. Somehow the Konradses make their way through the thrashing humanity to complete their morning stint by 7:30.

For most of the swimming season, school is the next stop. At 4 o'clock the Konradses report to Bankstown again to wind up their daily four hours, as Coach Don Talbot, stop watch in hand, strides up and down shouting encouragement ("Go, man, go") or criticism ("You're disgracing us"). If there is no homework, John and Ilsa are usually too tired for anything more energetic than spinning a few records on the family "radiogram." They go to bed early, only occasionally finding the time to indulge in other teen-age activities.

IN OFF SEASON John and Ilsa do bodybuilding exercises on parley weights rigged on wall of their house.

Despite its obvious natatorial adornments, the Konrads home functions more as a refuge from swimming than as an operations camp for planning new forays against the record book. Swimming is rarely discussed except to oblige the interests of a visitor. For all their dedication to swimming, the Konradses remain a personable and well-mannered pair. John exhibits more and more a worldly aplomb, but Ilsa is still somewhat embarrassed by the almost constant publicity.

With Australia's National Championships about to begin and the Rome Olympics coming up, a great, teasing question has naturally arisen: can the Konradses pull off twin grand slams by capturing every freestyle record and all the freestyle gold at Rome? The answer is: very probably not. John's chances at present seem the better, but still they are slim. He still has to regain his 200-meter and 400-meter records from Japan's Yamanaka and lick his fellow Australian, world-record holder John Devitt, at 100 meters and 110 yards. Though he will be obliged to swim longer than metric distances in the Australian Nationals, and thus will be handicapped in trying to take metric marks back from Yamanaka, John has entered all freestyle events, from 110 to 1,650 yards, and plans to swim "flat out" in all. Ilsa's prospects for a grand slam are virtually nullified so long as the Australian sprint veteran, Dawn Fraser, continues in excellent form.

However long either or both of them is good for in the top ranks of swimming, there is no doubt that the Konradses are one of the nicest brother-sister acts that ever played the boards anywhere. One of the charming sidelights of all the meets in which they compete is the genuine joy, usually manifest in bear hugs, that each shows when the other wins. The close bond has existed, Mother Elza Konrads testifies, since early childhood, when Ilsa preferred playing American cowboys and Indians with John rather than dawdling with dolls. Their capacity to share, as it were, both the lonely work of training and the glory is doubtless the big factor in their continuing enthusiasm for a sport where monotony can be a real bugaboo. If the ennui of the dangerous age is beginning to tell on them, neither Konrads is aware of it. To an interviewer who recently asked them if they felt they were being treated like performing seals, John snapped, "Do we look unhappy, worn out, bullied or downtrodden? We are doing what we love to do, and we wouldn't change a moment of it." **END**

Bonnie Luboviski

I'm afraid I shocked my husband

I was going right along with a popular notion.

I had the idea that individuals and families are hard-pressed by inflation—while businesses and corporations somehow are immune.

When I mentioned this to my husband, who works at Union Oil Company, he was shocked. Then he said "Let me give you just one example of what inflation does to the Union Oil family.

"In 1929," he went on, "we laid 96 miles of pipe line in California. It cost us then $6,230 per mile. The life of the pipe was estimated at 30 years. Tax laws permitted us to set aside one-thirtieth of the cost each year, as depreciation allowance for eventual replacement of the line. You're with me?"

I was, and I nodded.

"By 1958, Bonnie, when we replaced three miles of the line, inflation had hiked the cost to $20,697 per mile. And we had set aside only $18,690 for what was now a $62,000 job.

"So, now did we raise the additional $43,310? We had to withdraw that amount from after-tax profits. And this required the profits from hundreds of thousands of dollars of sales. As a consequence, these profits were not available for expansion or growth or for payment to stockholders.

"Remember," he added, "the pipe line is just one example. Nearly everything we use at Union keeps going up in cost."

"I take it back," I said. "In fact, you make Union Oil's problems sound just like things at home."

"That," my husband said, "is precisely my point."

* * * *

Bonnie Luboviski is the mother of three teen-age boys and the wife of Union Oil Company's Public Relations Director, Jerry Luboviski. The point he makes about inflation is well taken.

And there is something we can all do about it. We can urge government to stop the wasteful spending which is one cause of inflation.

When government at all levels (Federal, State, local) pays closer attention to the budget, companies and families alike may move out of this shadow of inflation.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. *Write Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

SPECTACLE
Paintings by Chen Chi

Fire on Little Papoose

FROM THE HEARTH of a little Norwegian cottage, where once lived Sondre Norheim (1825–97), father of modern skiing and Norway's first famous skier, came the flame that this week signaled the opening of the 1960 Winter Olympics. And 13 years ago, from far-off China, came the celebrated artist Chen Chi, who painted the scenes on the following pages. For his magnificent blue surface surrounding the flame on its approach to the Olympic caldron, Chen took a piece of fine silk, dipped it in blue dye and wrung it out like a wet sock. Water then eliminated color where color was not wanted. Details were painted in by brush. Chen did his preliminary sketches from a precipitous ledge. There was no snow then, but the style and manner of Chinese painting allow for, actually call for, imaginative treatment. Even so, Chen's depiction of Squaw Valley is accurate. The painting at right shows Andrea Mead Lawrence, former Olympic champion, carrying the flame down the steep slope of Little Papoose Peak, and behind her an honor guard of torch-bearing skiers. At the bottom Mrs. Lawrence will pass the flame to an ice skater waiting to circle the speed-skating rink before her torch at last lights the Olympic caldron, while chimes ring out from the surrounding mountains and the assembled athletes take the Olympic Oath.

PAGEANTRY of VIII Winter Olympics opened with wonderful display of flaming firebrands winding down slope of mountains overlooking Squaw Valley

THE SWEEP *of the Olympic theater at Squaw Valley starts atop massive Squaw Peak (left), whose slopes descend beneath dark pines on KT-22. On the valley floor a wet, glistening road leads from the Olympic Village past the ice arena and out of the valley*

Here's the compact car that threw the book away!

The key to this small miracle is America's first and only rear-mounted aluminum engine—a lightweight air-cooled 6—so revolutionary it can be packaged with the transmission and drive gears as one compact unit. With power components tucked away in the rear, the Corvair's floor is practically flat. And that means plenty of room for everyone, both in front and rear, including the passengers in the middle. It means that you get the kind of six-passenger comfort you'll find on no other American compact car. Shifting engine weight to the rear also makes for smoother, easier compact car handling and gives glued-to-the-road traction for cornering and driving on ice, mud or snow. And with independent suspension at all four wheels—an advance just as significant as the independent suspension of front wheels on full-sized cars years ago—you get a poised, unruffled ride that rivals even the most expensive makes. These are all things no front-engine compact car can give you. And with them you get economy and practicality that would never have been possible if Chevrolet engineers had been content to make the Corvair merely a sawed-off version of a big car. Your dealer is the man to see for all of the short and sweet details. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Welcome, Olympians!

THE Pacific rainstorm that for one dark moment threatened to engulf Squaw Valley fled across country and lost itself at last in the broad Atlantic, its threat mercifully unfulfilled. Like a guest room bed beckoning with clean white sheets, the site of the 1960 Winter Olympics lay bright and inviting beneath a blanket of fresh snow as the United States, for the first time in more than a quarter of a century, prepared to play host to an aggregation of the world's hottest cold-weather athletes.

As Americans privileged to speak for at least some of the world's sports fans, we on this magazine join in America's hearty welcome to the 800 athletes competing in California this week. We wish them all good sport, and we wish them success not only in their immediate competition but in the greater mission their presence here implies: the propagation of the principles of good sportsmanship throughout a world rent and riven with meaner motives.

The gathering of athletes from widely differing backgrounds in Olympic competition is not in itself a guarantee of universal fellowship. Stripped of its nobler standards, athletic competition can breed enmity as easily as amity. The banner of the Olympics has already been ripped and torn more than once on the sharp edges of the Iron Curtain that divides the world in political hatreds. International differences have often been played out in political pantomime on the arenas of sport, setting nations farther apart rather than bringing them together.

Last week, as international tensions grew tighter over the problem of Berlin, the U.S. State Department decided not to permit a group of East German sportswriters to attend the Games at Squaw Valley. The official reasoning, according to State, was that the East German reporters were seeking only an opportunity to "inject a harsh political note into the friendly competition."

Communist reporters may not be famous for providing completely objective boxscores on democracy's athletes. However, at this point, it scarcely matters. What matters more is that the State Department has already injected a "harsh, political note" into the friendly competition.

Granting the State Department's privilege to take what political steps it feels necessary, we deplore the presence of that harsh note at Squaw and earnestly hope it will be quickly quenched.

continued

Big-league Bowling

EASY TO OVERLOOK amidst the noisy formation of new major leagues for baseball and football is the bid of another sport, bowling, to set up a national professional circuit.

Kingpins of the proposed bowling league are two Texas lane owners, Curtis Sanford of Dallas and Charles Weisenburg of Fort Worth. They point to the 27 million Americans who are bowling now and to the fact that the number has been increasing at the rate of 12% or so a year. The founders of the proposed National Bowling League see in this the kind of interest that could turn turnstiles for intercity professional matches. Preliminary plans call for teams of seven players, representing franchise-holding cities from Los Angeles to New York, which would roll six nights a week for 36 weeks.

Sanford, one of the first backers of New Year's Cotton Bowl football game, is so confident of the NBL's prospects that he has ordered a million-dollar expansion of his Cotton Bowling Palace in Dallas, with the main new feature being the addition of seats for 4,500 spectators. "People will tell you the league will never start," he says, "but it will."

Start or not, the very talk about a major league in bowling is another sign of the sport's increasing popularity.

If any other proof were needed that spectator bowling is taking on size it came last Friday night. Viewers of 180 television stations saw Frank Clause, a high school history teacher from Old Forge, Pa. who turned pro bowler, hit the jackpot on NBC's *Jackpot Bowling*.

For rolling six straight strikes, Clause won $25,000, pushed his program earnings to $33,000 on the 10-minute show. That's big-league stuff; no doubt about it.

How to Run a Railroad

BACK in the days when there were far fewer weekend skiers in Japan, Tokyo's Ueno railway station got along with just one wheelchair, and even that was chiefly for the comfort of ailing Premier Ichiro Hatoyama between trainside and waiting automobile in the mid-'50s. This winter 5 million Japanese are on skis, Ueno

gets an average of 20 returning casualty cases a day, and Ueno's harassed manager, Shinichi Kurokawa, has had to make extra arrangements.

Stationmaster Kurokawa added two specially designed four-seater wheelchairs (painted with large red crosses on their sides), a baggage cart and two stretchers. During the weekend rush he even needs the old Hatoyama wheelchair.

"The most casualties come in on the 11:06 p.m. each Sunday night with the Monday 4:20 a.m. a close second," reports Kurokawa. "We arrange to have all the injured put on one car. When the train gets to Ueno we wheel right up to that car and lift them out through the window.

"We expect no thanks," says Kurokawa, "and we get none. Skiers don't tip. Instead they holler 'Be gentle' or 'Be quick.' Of course, they are often in considerable pain."

The Beautiful Ohio Again

FOR YEARS boat owners and fishermen would sooner have pursued their sport on the River Styx than on the polluted Ohio.

A quart of every gallon of water tumbling down that 981-mile river was raw sewage; 1,250 industries poured in their chemical wastes; evil-smelling slime covered beaches and killed game fish—all on a river once so blue and clear that the Indians named it Ohio after the Iroquois word for "thing of beauty."

The end of pleasure boating for all but the most persistent came in the early 1930s when the Gym Boat Club of Cincinnati was forced to desert a $65,000 clubhouse and dock because of the river's filth.

So it was one of the most encouraging bits of boating news of 1960 when the Outboard Boating Club of America named its "Club of the Year" the other day. The winner: The Cincinnati Outboard Runabout Association.

The association is riding the crest of a back-to-the-river movement made possible by 20 years of pollution-control work by the eight states of the Ohio Valley. In earning its award the Cincinnati club held a boating safety clinic for 2,000 boatmen, lobbied for tougher boating laws as pleasure craft increased (from 12,000 to 30,000 in the Cincinnati area in the past 10 years), most surprising of all, held a successful water ski tournament with contestants from 11 states.

Up and down the Ohio, from its source at Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle to its junction with the Mississippi at Cairo, Ill., the river is becoming cleaner. "There are ramps and marinas going in all over the Ohio Valley," says Ron Stone of the Outboard Boating Club. "A large boating ramp is going in at Beaver Falls, Pa., Cincinnati plans a pleasure-boat harbor, and a $300,000 public marina which would cover 15 acres is under study at Louisville." Even the old Gym Boat Club site is in use again, with sweeter water running past its piers.

Like the boating, the fishing too

continued

They Said It

EGON ZIMMERMANN, *Austrian Olympic skier, on his romance with U.S. Olympic Skier Penny Pitou: "Her parents fear I want to take their little girl to Austria, but if I can find a good job I would be happy to live right here."*

GASPAR ORTEGA, *welterweight boxer, disputing his manager's claim Ortega would fight a victorious opponent again for free: "No—*not *for free!"*

EDDIE ERDELATZ, *former Navy football coach, accepting his new job with Oakland in the American Football League: "Gentlemen, I am honored to be selected coach of the Navy—er—Oakland football team."*

Winning form in winter!

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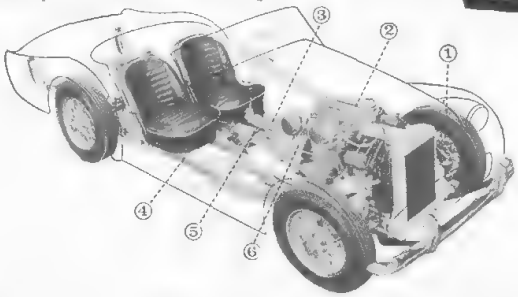

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is changing. Not long ago the best an angler could hope for was to snag a catfish or carp rooting through the river bottom. Now bass and bluegills and other clean-water game fish species are being caught.

It has taken time, and will take much more, but a thing of beauty is being reborn. As Wilson Crawford, a member of the Cincinnati Outboard Club, put it last week:

"Three years ago you couldn't stand to cook the fish you caught. The smell was like diesel oil. Now you can stand to smell them frying. That's improvement. You can't eat them yet, of course, but the day will come. Yes sir, the day will come."

With Their Flocks

To the secular mind it might seem that poverty and celibacy are enough for a priest to discipline himself to in the name of his calling. But for the 1,250-odd priests and prelates of the diocese of Rome, poverty and celibacy are only a part of it. According to the rules just reaffirmed at Pope John's diocesan synod, no cleric, priest or nun residing in Rome for either a short or a long period may attend anything classed as a "public spectacle."

This means that Roman priests must eschew all public sports events, including those that are a part of the 1960 Olympics.

This ruling does not mean that either Pope John or his Church is opposed to sport. The Pope is said to be planning a special pregame audience for Olympic athletes this summer, and the diocesan rules just promulgated specifically urge priests to encourage sport among their parish youth. But priests in general and priests in Rome particularly are not supposed to be seen enjoying themselves; hence the canonical ban on attendance at "spectacles."

It only remains to report here that many local Roman clerics feel the ban should not be too strictly enforced. As one of them put it last week: "Every Roman priest I know is a soccer fan, and most of them go to games now and then. You can't keep a real Italian away from a game just by putting him in a cassock. Besides, a priest's place is with his flock, and on a Sunday afternoon his flock is at the game."

Bison Hunting Up to Date

HUNTING BUFFALO, according to an oldtimer who remembered the days when the huge, myopic beasts roamed the western plains in herds that often took hours to pass a given point, was a good deal "like shooting fish in a barrel—only not quite so dangerous."

Fortunately for the buffalo, which would otherwise have doomed itself to extinction, there were some Americans who were sentimentally inclined to it. One of these was a hardy pioneer named Charles Goodnight, who rode bareback from Illinois to Texas at the age of 9 and somewhat later established a herd of buffalo on his Texas ranch in the hope of crossbreeding them with his cattle. Another sentimentalist Texan was Rancher John Reynolds, who purchased the Goodnight herd 20-odd years ago to keep them from dying out.

Today some 250 Goodnight buffalo, along with a flock of wild turkeys and some 75 deer who turn up at the ranch house every day to get their ration of nutrient pills, enjoy the hospitality of Reynolds' 200,000 acres in the mountains of Jeff Davis County, West Texas, with no greater threat to their well-being than the possibility of dying of old age. As the years go by, this possibility becomes a very real probability, however, and to prevent the herd's oldest bulls from meeting such an undignified and painful denouement, Reynolds now annually sends out invitations urging would-be hunters to come and shoot down a few.

Last week, after paying the $350 fee required for the privilege, three hunters turned up for the 1960 shoot, two armed with rifles, one with bow and arrows.

The hunt that followed produced little to embellish the great legends of the West. The huntsmen took off in pick-up trucks accompanied by an auto-wrecker crane (to heave the carcasses) and a crew of skinners and taxidermists. At a range of 40 yards, Bowman Hugh Pearson sunk his arrow 27 inches into the lungs of one old bull which had been contentedly munching grass. Next day, after a permissive signal from the guide who had studied it long and carefully through his field glasses, one of the riflemen sent a bullet from his 270 Winchester into the heart of another old bull, discovered taking a nap near a clump of cactus.

To finish off the day's sport, the guide permitted another hunter a successful shot at a buffalo cow, which will be barbecued next June for the annual convention of the Outdoor Writers of America. It was, the hunter said, "quite a thrill."

The only miss of the day was another buffalo cow spotted earlier. This animal, off by itself and apparently quite preferring to die of old age if possible, astonished the entire party by cleanly leaping a five-foot fence and getting away.

Confused Pack

The fox is snickering
In his den;
Deodorant
Has worked again.
—F. E. WHITE

Technical Foul

LUVERNE (Minn.) High School was on the way to beating Windom, Minn. 71-65, and Windom Coach Jed Dommeyer could stand it no longer. An old high-score man at the University of Minnesota ('57), he reached back into his college days and also reached out on the floor and stole the ball as a Luverne player dribbled by. Fans roared, players stared and Dommeyer stood there for a moment in silence, holding the ball. "I don't know why I did it," he said, as the officials awarded Luverne two free throws. Technical foul. **END**

WHITE TIE AT SQUAW VALLEY

The first woman social director of the Winter Olympics made the easy-going West spruce up

by MARY HAMMAN

GENTLEMEN wear white or black ties at the dinners and dances that are now being held in connection with the Winter Olympics; visiting princes, ambassadors and ministers are seated in their proper places according to the protocol followed at state dinners; the correct flags are flying in the proper order against the wintry skies; and the favorite foods of visiting dignitaries are transported daily from the Bohemian and Pacific Union clubs in San Francisco and hurried to the tables of gourmets in Squaw Valley despite any threat of storm or avalanche. If Squaw Valley is to be a social success—and it now seems almost certain to become one—it will be in large part because of the attention to such detail that has been given by Dorothea Walker, a skier, linguist, author and San Francisco society figure, who is in charge of protocol at these VIII Winter Olympic Games.

Mrs. Walker bears the appalling responsibility of officially (and correctly) greeting, housing, entertaining and placating the various foreign visitors and spectators—cardinals, marquises, countesses, generals, professors and international adventurers - as well as the distinguished members of the International Olympic Committee and the 800 competing athletes. Soon after she was appointed to her post, she hurried to Lake Tahoe (her own ski lodge is in the Sugar Bowl, just over the mountains from Squaw Valley), where she had old friends she could count on to entertain the visiting aristocrats according to their rank, tastes and glamour. "Now Dorothea," said one of these friends, "don't think we intend to bring dinner jackets up here. The place is being ruined anyway. All the construction work. The charm of Tahoe has always been rustic. . . ."

And a potential hostess experienced a sudden enthusiasm for the informality of old western hospitality. "Stop worrying, Dorothea," she said. "These people will be in our country. We'll give them hamburgers. . . ."

SMILE OF SATISFACTION brightens Dorothea Walker after victory for protocol.

GUARDIAN OF PROPRIETY

High among the triumphs, foreign and domestic, of Mrs. Walker is that hamburgers aren't being served, and the socialites have taken their black and white ties to Squaw Valley. Gentlemen can go back to rustic attire and cowboy boots next month. For the time being they are ruled by protocol, and as Mrs. Walker is director of entertainment and protocol, they are ruled by her. Protocol at the Olympic Games is no joke: it is perhaps regarded officially as just a shade less important than the conduct of foreign relations by Christian Herter, and the possibilities of a crisis are dangerous and dramatic. During the Winter Games in Oslo in 1952 there was one that diplomats still shudder about: a prominent foreign guest interpreted a social blunder as a deliberate affront, walked out and has since been an implacable foe of the nation to which his unfortunate and gauche host belonged. Part of Mrs. Walker's task at Squaw Valley is merely the negative one of seeing that nothing of the sort happens there to send outraged aristocrats streaming in wrath down the slopes of the Sierra.

But the more important part of her touchy task is positive. For five days, before the Winter Games opened, the International Olympic Committee met in San Francisco to decide on future Olympic policy. For 11 days the august emissaries to this solemn conclave—there are 66 International Olympics Committee members, from 30 countries assemble in Squaw Valley, and while Mrs. Walker could readily arrange dinners, balls, symphony and opera programs, museum tours and educational entertainments in her native San Francisco, the proper kind of festivities for such people as the committee members is hard to drum up in the winter mountains. And the committee is, of course, like no other institution on earth. Baron de Coubertin set it up when he founded the modern Olympic Games, and members are elected for life, pay their own way and are representatives of the Olympics to their nations, not delegates of their nations to the Olympics. Since qualifications for election include an interest in amateur sport, a position of influence and a lot of money, membership is virtually limited to the international sporting set (circa 1910, in one case), and the committee sessions are traditionally great social events. The members include such formidable figures as the Marquess of Exeter and Lord Luke

continued

from England, Count de Beaumont from France, Prince François-Joseph from Liechtenstein, Count Paolo Thaon di Revel from Italy, Sheik Gabriel Gemayel from Lebanon, Raja Bhalindra Singh from India, Major-General C. F. Pahud de Mortanges from The Netherlands, Dr. Manfred Mautner Ritter von Markhof from Austria and others as eminent and with names and titles that are even harder to spell and remember. Not all these are at the Games, but Princess Eda Anhalt of Germany arrived with Monique de Beaumont, Prince Ferdinand and Baron von Falz-Fein of Liechtenstein and other nobility.

It's wrong, as Mrs. Walker quickly learned, to refer to the French Ambassador. The proper title is Ambassador of the French Republic. On the other hand, it is O.K. to speak of the German Ambassador, an important point since eight ambassadors are present. Place cards, as Mrs. Walker found out by sitting in on two-hour-a-day briefing sessions on protocol at the State Department in Washington, are written in black script ink, as simply as possible and should be legible from a distance—Prince Bertil of Sweden should be written Prince Bertil, not His Royal Highness Prince Bertil.

Mrs. Walker was born in San Francisco, where her grandfather arrived from England to find gold—but did not. Instead, he invented a new type of railway spike that was used to close the last gap on the first transcontinental railroad. Dorothea's own parents were in modest circumstances but an uncle had wealth and social position. Her education was in public schools, except for one post-graduate year at Miss Burke's, where many of the city's society girls went. Her career in society really began in 1927 with her marriage, at the age of 21, to Warren Hopkins Clark, a nephew of the most famous and perhaps the most statesmanlike of San Francisco's gold rush millionaires. After his death she was married in 1932 to Richard Walker, an insurance broker and expert amateur horticulturist; she has two sons. Small and chic, a linguist and traveler, with an acute sense of humor and a naturalness that the most ceremonious functions cannot altogether repress, she is, says her friend, the poet Marianne Moore, "a gem." She was picked for her Olympian task by Prentis Cobb Hale, the San Francisco businessman serving as president of the organizing committee of the Games, and demurred on the grounds that she had no time, no qualifications and as much work as she could do. But when he told her that she would be the first woman in the history of the Olympic Games to have the official job of director of entertainment and protocol, she accepted.

DISMAYED, Mrs. Walker glances uneasily at gaudy costumes of Reno welcomers.

NOB HILL CRITICS

Her appointment may have passed unnoticed by the gods and goddesses on Mount Olympus, but among the ladies of Nob Hill there were a few whose attitude suggested sour grapes. Some of them felt they were better qualified for the post than Mrs. Walker. One of them said, "Dorothea's the biggest snob in San Francisco. Sometimes she treats you like dirt, but when she thinks you can do something for her, she's all over you like a blanket." Another *grande dame* of Nob Hill said with cold hauteur: "You can kick Dorothea out the front door and she'll show up with an armful of roses at the back." These uncharitable comments, however, were overbalanced by praise: she was said to be the obvious choice for the job, with social connections, considerable knowledge of business and a willingness to work hard.

Mrs. Walker was aided by a volunteer organization she created herself, made up of 90 socially prominent San Francisco women, and by a book called *Etiquette and Protocol,* written by a man named I. Monte Radlovic. Her aides, most of them experienced hostesses in early middle age, simplified the problem of the small dinner parties, for 10 to 30 committee members and celebrities, before the large social functions. These were worked out partly in terms of protocol, partly through mutual interests: socialites Betty and James Flood had spent a lot of time in England and had many British friends; Dr. Ralph Soto-Hall, who was born in Costa Rica, and Mrs. Nion Tucker combined to entertain Spanish-speaking delegates. Some of Mrs. Walker's top assistants, including Diana Burgess and Georgie Meyer, became sufficiently experienced in foreign protocol to help western governors with counsel on food, seating arrangements, glassware, silverware and other problems.

Mrs. Walker herself journeyed to Washington for State Department lectures on how foreign dignitaries should be received. She also began to collect from ancient volumes of *The International Who's Who,* and miscellaneous gossip, information about the celebrities she would be entertaining, all of which she filed away in a notebook. Her note on General Gustav Dyrssen, the delegate from Sweden, for instance, reads: "Olympic pentathlon champion 1920, fencing champion 1936, put him with people who know sports and like to talk about them." Invariably tactful and discreet, Mrs. Walker would not identify some of the people in her file, but one note says "dull, dull, dull," another says "drip," and another says "pompous esthete." These are all in her own handwriting, but there is no clue as to which world-famous guest she is describing. In an unidentified handwriting, some informant has written by the name of Colonel General Vladimir Stoitchev: "former royalist, now a Communist, always rides the winning horse."

Another comment, probably too frank to be the writing of the director of protocol herself, is by the name of Count de Beaumont, the delegate from France, whose ancestry is no less than awesome: "dashing fellow, likes attractive women, wife not coming along. Put him with charmers." There follow some charming notations about San Francisco glamour girls who might be entertaining dinner companions.

Now all these august, dashing,

continued

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sports-loving, mysterious or otherwise glamorous figures were scheduled to spend 11 nights in the fastness of Squaw Valley, and Mrs. Walker's problem became one of breaking the monotony, for which visits to nearby Reno seemed logical. Mrs. Walker found prospective hosts and hostesses in Nevada happy to entertain foreign visitors but a little uncertain as to what was expected of them. "Honey, if you just want a limousine, or any other little old thing," said one of the potential Reno hosts, "you just let me know."

NO COWBOYS AT DINNER

After her first meeting with these generous and hospitable folks, Mrs. Walker retreated to her hotel lobby to think. She was shaken by the steady thunder of slot machines, the clank of silver dollars and the noise of canned jazz and further dismayed by the apparition of a number of pretty girls who wandered by with their midriffs bare, accompanied by a woman with a frivolous Mary Pickford hairdo and escorted by a man wearing a magenta dinner jacket. It was then 11 in the morning.

Fortunately, she met other Nevada socialites, notably Mrs. Thayer Bigelow, who knew how foreign dignitaries and visiting royalty should be entertained. Now the climax of the committee's stay at Squaw Valley is a dinner at the governor's mansion at Carson City, given by Nevada's young, first-term Governor Grant Sawyer. In all, five nights of Nevada entertainment break the stay of the members in Squaw Valley, and they are to spend one of these on a merry-go-round tour of Reno nightspots that should provide ample western informality for them. At the last moment, someone seriously proposed that it might be fun to have the waiters and waitresses at the governor's dinner dressed as cowboys and Indians, but Mrs. Walker managed to persuade the enthusiasts for western local color that it wouldn't do. In fact, the international propriety and correct protocol of the Nevada nights represents one of Mrs. Walker's biggest victories over informal hostesses. "They all wanted to get everybody drunk," she says, "and lead them up to a buffet table. They kept saying, 'That's the way we do it in the West!' " **END**

Japan Air Lines hostess Yoko Mayuzumi

How to train an airline hostess

A Japanese girl is taught from childhood the satisfaction of doing something for its own sake. She studies *ikebana*, the art of flower arrangement, not so much to create a composition of lasting beauty as to achieve serenity of mind while she designs each set piece.

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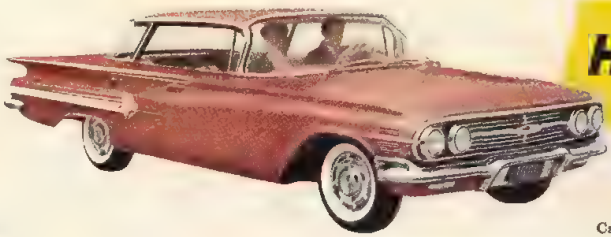

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Lobster picnic at Rum Point

The Caribbean langouste provides fine luncheon fare after an exciting chase

MRS. HEMINGWAY HAULS IN CATCH WITH PROGGING STICK

CAPTAIN ERTIS' dining room is a mesa of hard-packed sand surrounded and shaded by sea-grape and almond trees. A few yards away the Caribbean *laps against the silvery* beach. The location is a point on the north shore of Grand Cayman, largest of the Cayman Islands, about 200 miles south of Cuba.

These British possessions were once called Las Tortugas, because of the giant sea turtles that Columbus found here in great numbers in 1503. Today the turtles are gone. But the reef that almost completely surrounds Grand Cayman has gathered new fame as a hunting ground for lobsters—the spiny lobster or sea crayfish of southern waters. To apprehend the elusive creature in his element is a fascinating sport. And, as the picnickers on the opposite page are about to discover, there is almost nothing so delicious to eat as this Caribbean variety of *langouste*, fresh from the sea.

The lobsters are caught when they venture out from caves among the coral to scuttle across the bottom near the reef. They can be nailed by the underwater diver with a spear gun. Equally exciting is to peer through a glass-bottomed box from a boat and then reach down to grasp the wary crustaceans with a long pole fitted at the end with metal prongs. Captain Ertis, who conducts lobster-progging expeditions for vacationers from the U.S., knows all the best hunting spots.

In early morning the party goes aboard the captain's fishing boat, a taut, Cayman-built, 20-foot cabin cruiser powered by a stateside outboard motor. While the mate *runs the motor, Ertis helps his guests to find and prog* the lobsters. Between catches he dives for conch, the large pink-shelled mollusk of the Caribbean.

After a couple of hours of working the reef there will be enough lobsters for a meal (about two apiece, with the lobsters averaging one to one and a half pounds), and the party goes ashore at Rum Point. "Just a minute," cries the captain as they land, "while I get a clean tablecloth." *And he quickly cuts an* armful of palm fronds and spreads them on the sand. Now, while his guests do their own bartending (a favorite pre-luncheon drink is concocted by opening a large can of pineapple juice and mixing it with a fifth of light rum and the juice of fresh limes), he busies himself in what he calls his "open-air kitchen." The kitchen range consists of four empty beer cans used to balance a fire-blackened bucket.

Ertis quickly gathers driftwood, stows the lobsters in the bucket, fills it with sea water and covers it with sea-grape leaves or dried seaweed. The fire is lighted, and the visitors, famished, always want to know how long it will take the lobsters to cook. "In five shakes [which the captain translates as five minutes] they will be bubblin'," he tells them. Then "the next 15 shakes they will be doin' the mambo." Twenty minutes' cooking will leave them juicy and tender but not overdone.

While the lobsters are "bubblin'," the captain prepares his other specialty. Succulent raw conch is sliced wafer-thin and dipped in lime juice, to which is added a few drops of hot Pickapeppa sauce. "After eating this," the captain assures everybody, "you will feel five years younger."

The lobsters come out of the steaming bucket, deep red in color, aromatic, mouth-watering. The captain breaks them open (there are no claws to be cracked) *and the hungry picnickers eat with their fingers, dip*ping the succulent tail meat into melted butter laced with lime juice.

And now, after the morning's adventures and the feast, warm air and lulling sea sounds have their effect, and conversation gradually fades. The guests begin to nod as the captain packs the gear for the boat ride home. Most of them sleep all the way. **END**

AT PICNIC SITE cooked lobsters are broken apart for two vacationing couples by Captain Ertis after a lobster-progging expedition off Grand Cayman Island. Seated are (*from left*) Philip Hemingway of Malvern, Pa., Betsy and John Farmakis of Darien, Conn., Gladys Hemingway.

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

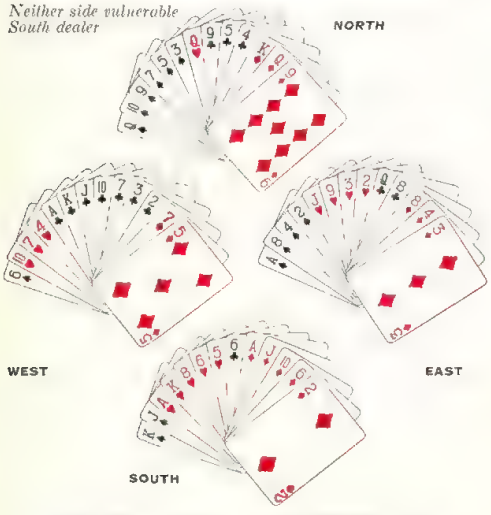
Detective story

MANY bridge players are mystery fans—a choice of reading which should surprise nobody who has ever played the game in earnest. For most bridge hands include the elements of a good detective story.

Sometimes you will be cast in the role of detective, trying to figure out what the opponents are doing to steal your contract. Sometimes you will be the swindler, trying to fool the opponents when guile is your only hope of winning. And, no matter which side you are on, there is always the need to protect your partner.

To illustrate, let me cite a deal in which I played the role of detective some 20 years ago. If you like mystery stories, you can share this one by looking only at the South hand until you have completed the bidding.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	1♠	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	4♣	PASS	PASS
?			

At this point, the reader is invited to take over. What would you bid next?

It doesn't take much imagination to choose the perfectly routine bid of four diamonds. And that is just the trouble with the call. A four-diamond bid would intensify North's fear that the balance of the spade suit is held by the opponents. By showing length in hearts and diamonds, you would imply that you do not have many spades, and North must suspect that the missing spade strength will be bunched against him, even if he reads that West's spade bid was a bluff.

If, as South, you bid four diamonds it would be perfectly natural for North to carry on to five. Unfortunately, a five-diamond contract would be defeated by the very factor that a good detective might have suspected. After cashing the king of clubs, West leads a spade. His partner makes the spade ace and returns a spade to give West a ruff for the setting trick.

So, before you make that "obvious" four-diamond bid, let's do a little detective work. Partner doubled a mere one-spade bid. His double was either a warning against going on in hearts or an estimate that our side could glean more points at one spade doubled than at any other contract. Surely that promised considerable length as well as strength in spades.

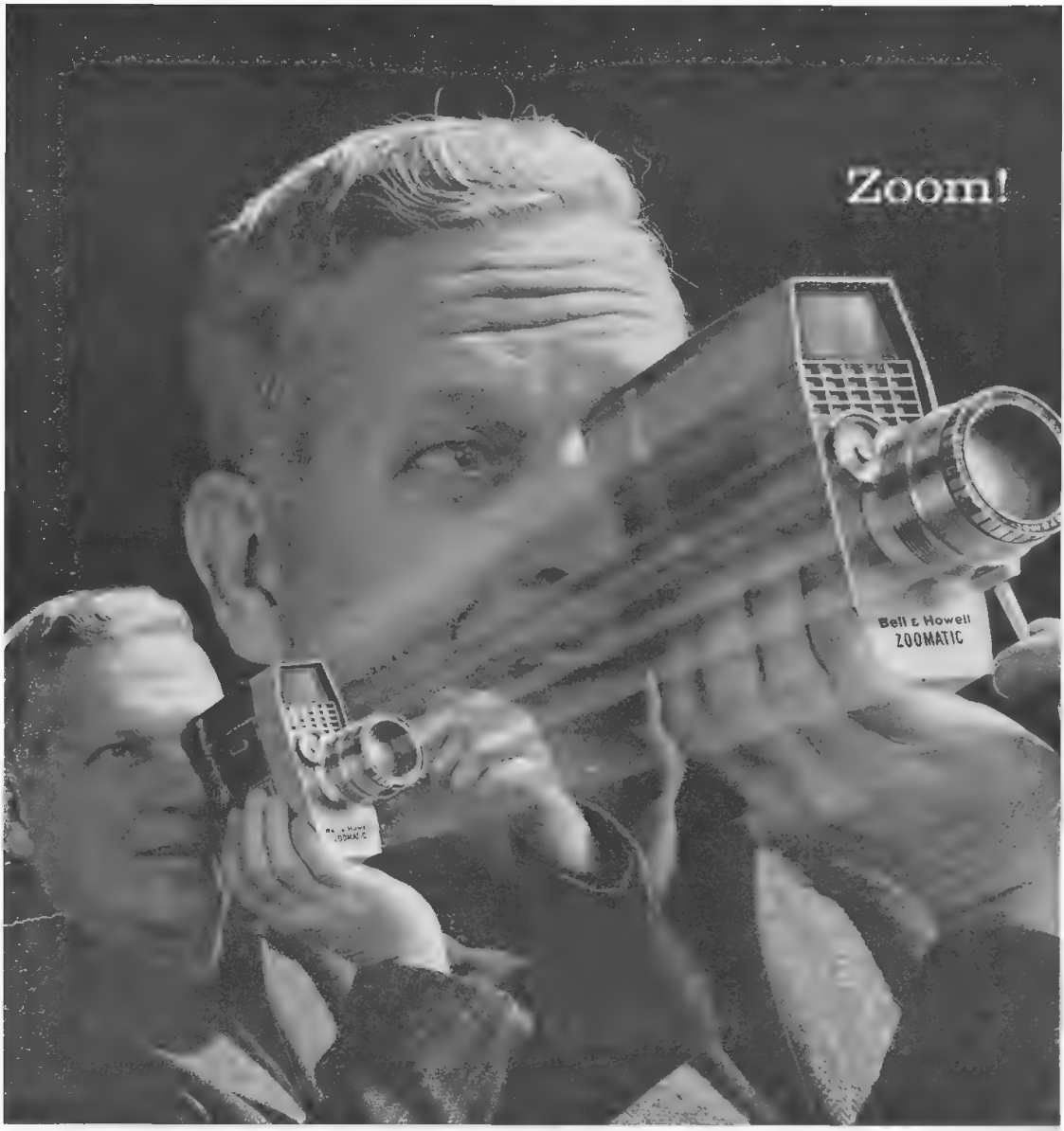
Next, the very fact that North neither doubled four clubs nor made some other bid strongly suggested that the power of his hand was concentrated in the spade suit. The fewer high cards North held in the side suits, the more likely that he had considerable length in spades. In other words, you begin to visualize just the sort of hand North actually holds.

West's leaping self-rescue from one spade doubled all the way to four clubs is the clue that clinches your case against him. The spade call must be a psychic bid. But unless you, South, bid the spades for your partner, West's bluff is bound to succeed. Now, what must otherwise seem like a wildly daring bid on a doubleton becomes almost the forced choice.

Against your four-spade bid, West opens the king of clubs. You trump the next club with your king of spades, cash your ace and king of hearts to discard dummy's last club, and then you lead the spade jack. Whether East ducks this trick or not, the only other trick the defense can win is their ace of spades. North can get in with a diamond, or by ruffing a heart or a club, and after drawing East's trumps dummy is high with the help of South's ace of diamonds.

EXTRA TRICK

When you know your opponents are trying to fool you, remember to bid so that your partner is completely aware of the true state of affairs. Sometimes this may mean making not the most obvious bid from your hand but the bid that will be most obvious from his. **END**



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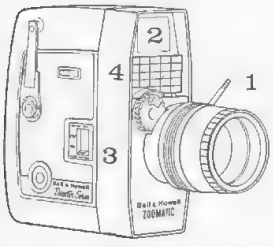

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BASKETBALL / *Jeremiah Tax*

Two big men in a tight pennant race

As the playoffs near, success or failure for basketball's top winning teams may hang on the considerable talents of those two giant stars, Chamberlain and Russell

LAST SATURDAY, Boston Celtics Coach Red Auerbach had his entire squad inoculated against Asian flu. Such protection takes three weeks to become fully effective, at which point the regular season will be practically finished. But Red is no fool—he is looking forward to the championship playoffs that begin the second week in March.

The Celtics have won 48 games and lost only 13 this season, clearly demonstrating that they are still the best collection of basketball players in the world. But, ironically, they must again prove in the playoffs that they are the best in their own Eastern Division before they can go on to defend their NBA title. And this year's Eastern playoffs should be the toughest in pro history.

Two big reasons are the giants on the opposite and following pages—Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain (13) and Boston's Bill Russell—whose performances will have the greatest bearing on the result. Over a long season, a team's record reflects the strengths and weaknesses of all its players. But in just a few games, the inspired play of one man may often bring victory to an inferior team. Last year, for example, four brilliant performances by Minneapolis' Elgin Baylor eliminated a much superior St. Louis team from the Western Division playoffs. This year, if Chamberlain literally overwhelms his playoff rivals single-handedly—an entirely reasonable prospect—Philadelphia will be the new champions. On the other hand, if Russell rises to *his* usual playoff heights, it will take more than Chamberlain to beat Boston.

Actually, it is possible that Boston and Philadelphia may not even meet in the playoffs. The mechanics are simple enough. The teams finishing the season in last place in each division are automatically eliminated—so that New York in the East and Cincinnati in the West are almost surely out of it. In the few remaining games, neither has much chance of catching the third-place teams. In the East, therefore, Philadelphia and Syracuse (the second- and third-place teams) will play a best two-out-of-three series. The winner will play Boston in a best four-out-of-seven series for the Eastern divisional title. The same eliminations will take place in the West, and then the two division winners will play four-out-of-seven for the world championship. It is worth pointing out that the players have no stake in prolonging any of the playoff series. A month ago, the playoff pool was fixed at $100,000. Members of the championship team will receive $3,600 apiece; the other teams will receive proportionately less, depending on the order of finish.

In the East, Syracuse is the team that, year after year, seems to improve most at playoff time. Last season New York beat Syracuse nine times in 12 regular games, yet in the playoffs Syracuse eliminated New York in two straight games, then extended Boston to seven games before losing the Eastern title.

One reason behind such well-timed excellence is that Syracuse's old hands, Dolph Schayes, George Yardley and Johnny Kerr, are money players in the best sense of that term. Schayes, especially, is the kind of intense competitor who is at his best when he has to be.

Another reason is Coach Paul Seymour's proved ability to point his men for a particular contest. Seymour's strategy reflects his belief that there are two critical periods during a game—at the start and right after half-time intermission. He feels that the team that can go into high gear at the tip-off, without any preliminary

continued

Photographs by Hy Peskin

HOOKING OVER Chamberlain's fingertips, Russell demonstrates the one shot he and others have been able to use consistently against Wilt. Chamberlain blocks most other attempts by the man he guards.

13
15
6
21

feeling-out of the opposition, assumes the psychological advantage. In a single playoff game, such an advantage is particularly valuable. It can decide the series.

Syracuse also has the fastest backcourt in the league in Hal Greer and Larry Costello, and one of the best shooters in rookie Dick Barnett. Nevertheless, only a supreme effort by Syracuse will eliminate Philadelphia. Game by game during the season, the Warriors have been learning how best to take advantage of Chamberlain's unquestioned offensive superiority, man-for-man, over anyone in basketball. For a while their attempts to feed him the ball in the right place at the right time were awkward and often resulted in steals by the opposing team. It appeared that they were forcing a play where none really existed. Now, however, they set up the play and make it repeatedly despite sagging defenses that nearly envelop Chamberlain. In addition, Wilt has begun to show some versatility when he does get the ball. He no longer relies exclusively on his fall-away jump shot which leaves him out of position for rebounds. Often he sets sail relentlessly for the basket and either drives in or draws fouls. Because of his height and immense strength, there are simply no defenses against such tactics. A stray elbow of St. Louis' Clyde Lovellette, which caught Chamberlain smack in the mouth and jarred loose two of his front teeth, is the one thing that has stopped Wilt this year. Both teeth were extracted, and though his upper lip is still badly swollen, Chamberlain will surely be fit and ready at playoff time.

NEEDED: FULL STRENGTH

No matter which of these teams Boston meets in the Eastern title playoff, Red Auerbach will need all of his players—fluless and in condition for a scrap. Though the record hardly reflects it, Auerbach has been playing without one of his starters, Jim Loscutoff, nearly all season. Loscutoff will not be back until next year when he should be recovered from a slipped-disk operation; his stamina and sheer strength were always welcome assets, especially at the end of a long season. Happily, Tom Heinsohn has come through handsomely this year. He is Boston's top scorer (with a 21.6 average) and second-best rebounder. He gives the Celtics strong balance at one corner to match the great outside shooting the team has always had.

Much has been said about Boston's strong reserves, and certainly the likes of Sam Jones, Gene Conley and K. C. Jones are a reassuring sight on the bench. But the fact is that Boston will not win the playoffs unless the regulars—Heinsohn, Cousy, Russell, Sharman and Ramsey—are at their peak throughout most of every game. No one can get the ball for this team like Russell. (He set a new rebound record, 51, two weeks ago.) No one organizes an offense like Cousy. (He is leading the league by more than 200 assists.) No one shoots the clutch baskets like Sharman. No one slips away from his defensive man so easily and makes so many in-the-clear layups as Ramsey. All together, this is an unbeatable combination over a 75-game season.

But the team balance is delicate. There is enough of every ingredient, but for one special job—rebounding—there is only Bill Russell, and for playmaking there is only Bob Cousy. In a short playoff, one sprained ankle can throw the Celtics out of kilter. Just such an injury—to Russell two years ago—caused Boston to lose in the playoff to St. Louis. Few outsiders knew it but at the same time that Russell was hobbling around on one leg, Cousy had a bad bone bruise on his right foot. If they are injured again, the Celtics won't be saved by all the flu serum in the world.

Barring such accidents, Boston should again face St. Louis for the world championship. Anticipating this, Ben Kerner, the Hawks' shrewd horse trader, has been making deals aimed at taking advantage of the Celtics' one slight weakness, in the corner opposite Heinsohn. Through trades, Kerner has added Larry Foust and Dave Piontek to his already strong front line of Pettit, Hagan and Lovellette. Foust, especially, will help in spots, but the Hawks' regulars will have to carry the main burden, and the feeling here is that Boston is still the better team. If the Celtics get by the Eastern playoffs, they will repeat as champions. **END**

GRACEFUL LEAP by Russell, high enough to stop a shot by anyone else in the league, is ineffective against Chamberlain's jumper. Wilt shoots over any defense thrown against him.

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IN RACE HIS TRAINER CALLED HIS BEST, SWORD DANCER (LEFT) BEAT MIDDLE BROTHER IN TRAVERS STAKES AT SARATOGA

Invitation to the Dancer

Everybody's horse of last year, Brookmeade's Sword Dancer, has a rare chance for top honors again. The $100,000 Widener this Saturday is his first big challenge of 1960

IT WAS the opening day of Hialeah's 40-day meeting, and 25,033 people had come out in perfect weather to shove $1,856,462 through the mutuel wickets, to watch a colony of flamingos in lazy flight above the infield lakes and to listen to the University of Miami band as it oompah-pahed on the bright green turf course in front of the infield tote board.

Down on the asphalt lawn in front of the grandstand an elderly groom began a reverent, unprepared monologue of his own as Sword Dancer, Horse of the Year of 1959, moved toward the winner's circle to receive a plaque commemorating his excellences of last year. "Mr. Swooord Danca!" the groom began, "Mr. Swooord Danca! Winna of Woodward and Belmont; Travers and Gold Cup. Twice the defeater of ole moneybags, Round Table. Mr. Swooord Danca! The hoss what breaks other hosses' hearts."

This Saturday the 4-year-old Sword Dancer makes his first major start of the year in the $100,000 mile-and-one-quarter Widener Handicap at Hialeah, one of the most important races of the winter season. When he and his rider, Eddie Arcaro, are locked in the starting gate the attention of over 30,000 at the track and millions of others who will watch the race on television will be focused directly upon them. The more knowledgeable racing fans will have three points in mind, to wit:

1) Until now, only Challedon and Whirlaway have been Horse of the Year in both their 3-year-old and 4-year-old seasons. Off his handicap record last year (he was both 3-year-old champion and handicap champion, and only one other horse, Citation, ever held that double distinction), Sword Dancer is considered to have an excellent chance to become Horse of the Year again in 1960. The Widener is the perfect race in which to begin his bid.

2) In the previous 22 runnings of the Widener only one 4-year-old has ever carried as much weight (129 pounds) as Sword Dancer is being asked to carry in this one. (The other was War Admiral, who won in 1938 under 130.)

3) Just three weeks ago Sword Dancer ran a prep for the Widener and finished a disappointing fourth to a moderate field, causing some to wonder if he had lost 1959's competitive zip.

In the old days, of course, a horse was a horse; today a horse seems to be judged on what numbers he is able to project onto the tote board or just how high he is able to pile his bankroll. A few animals transcend these areas of judgment and their names find their way onto the tongues of people not normally associated with or deeply interested in horse racing. Man o' War, Native Dancer, Tom Fool, Citation, Whirlaway and War Admiral all did this by meeting and defeating the best of their contemporaries under different weights and at different distances. There are many who see a similar potential in Sword Dancer. At the end of last season Sword Dancer was the best-known horse in America. His earnings were $597,535, 17th on the alltime money-winning list. Beginning with the Widener, he will have every opportunity to bring forth his potential and, if he is able to keep winning in the months ahead, acquire the eminence of a household word.

THOSE BEHIND HIM

Behind Sword Dancer are three very important people: Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, the owner of Brookmeade Stable, Preston M. Burch, the 75-year-old general manager of Brookmeade, and his son, 35-year-old John Elliott Burch, Sword Dancer's trainer (*see cover*).

Mrs. Sloane has long been one of the most famous women in American racing, which she entered in the early 1920s. In 1934 she became the first woman ever to top the owners' money-winning list. The stable again led all owners in 1950.

Preston M. Burch now spends most of his time at the Brookmeade farm in Upperville, Virginia. He was one of the founders and a seven-term president of the American Trainers' Association, and he is the only man ever to train one Kentucky Derby winner to defeat two other Derby winners. In 1918 George Smith, winner of the Derby in 1916, beat Omar Khayyam, the 1917 winner, and Exterminator, the 1918 winner, in the Bowie Handicap. Preston Burch is also the author of the book *Training Thoroughbred Horses*. In his introduction to it he wrote, "I have always considered my father [William Preston Burch] a great horseman and a great trainer of horses, and I have tried in a small way to emulate him. He is said to have had more friends on the race track than any man who ever trained horses. Racing has been my whole life, and like my father I love my horses. . . ."

Young Elliott Burch has said similar things about his own father many times at many tracks. Elliott takes the same meticulous care of his horses. He keeps information on individual horses written down in notebooks just as his father did. "Sometimes," Elliott said recently, "something that worked on another horse a while ago may work on the one you're concerned about at present." Few men have found success in racing as swiftly as Elliott Burch. He took over the Brookmeade Stable after his father suffered a heart attack in 1957. The following January at Hialeah, Burch sent Encore out for the Royal Poinciana Handicap on opening day, and Encore won. A month later he entered Oligarchy in the Widener. It was the first time that he had ever saddled a horse in a $100,000 race, but he won it. At the end of 1958 Brookmeade was 15th on the money-winning list with earnings of $360,067.

Last year Brookmeade catapulted to third place in the money-winning standings with earnings of $660,054, finishing behind Harry F. Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable ($742,081) and the stable of C. V. Whitney ($684,313). This year with Sword Dancer, Big Effort and Oligarchy, together with a hopeful 3-year-old named Plutocracy and some well-bred 2-year-olds, Brookmeade could finish on top.

FAMOUS OWNER, Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, is shown with Travers trophies.

Sword Dancer, whose father, Sunglow, won the Widener in 1951, appears to be a horse who improves with age. He first came to the races on February 28, 1958 at Hialeah, where he finished fourth in a field of 14 at a distance of three furlongs. Six months and six races later he was still a maiden, but as the distances stretched out so did his legs, and in August at Saratoga he won at six furlongs. In September he was shipped to Atlantic City for his first stake, the World's Playground, and at odds of 82 to 1 he closed through the stretch to finish fourth behind Demobilize and Intentionally, two of the top sprinting 2-year-olds of their generation. Sword Dancer came out twice at the fall meeting at Belmont, winning once and finishing third once. The win, however, encouraged Burch to try him in stakes company again, and Sword Dancer was shipped to Suffolk Downs for the Mayflower Stakes. This was the colt's first try at a distance over seven furlongs, and he liked the mile and 70 yards. Eleventh at the half mile, Sword Dancer quickly gathered his field and popped into the lead at the top of the stretch, drawing out to win by four and a half lengths at odds of 13 to 1.

A race like this would inspire anyone, so Burch and Mrs. Sloane decided to start him in the Garden State and posted a $10,000 supplemental fee. The colt finished third behind First Landing and Tomy Lee. Sword Dancer had one more start as a 2-year-old, finishing fourth in the Remsen at Jamaica. His record for the year was only moderate: 14 starts, three wins, two seconds, three thirds. His earnings: $60,531. There was within him, however, a glowing promise.

As a 3-year-old in 1959 Sword Dancer had one bad race, and he got it out of his system in his very first start. Blocked and bothered in the Hutcheson Stakes at Gulfstream Park early in March, he finished fifth behind Easy Spur. In his next 12 races Sword Dancer finished first or second

continued

every time, winning eight and finishing second four times. His most discussed race was the Kentucky Derby when he and Tomy Lee came jostling through the homestretch at Churchill Downs. Sword Dancer, ridden by Bill Boland, was on the outside. Tomy Lee, with Willie Shoemaker, was on the rail. From the top of the stretch it seemed that Sword Dancer would shake Tomy Lee off, but he never did and when the two went under the wire Tomy Lee won by a nose, with Boland immediately claiming foul.

"No one would really want to win a Kentucky Derby on a claim of foul," Elliott Burch said while the inquiry light was still on the board. "But my horse ran a damn fine race. He was only beaten this much." Burch held his right thumb and index finger about an inch apart.

Recently, reflecting upon the Derby loss, Burch said, "I went and watched the film patrol of that race right after it was over. I don't know how many times I watched it that afternoon. I watched it until they wouldn't let me watch it any more. There is no doubt in my mind that we were bumped and that we bumped a little bit ourselves, too. But you can't scream and holler because you've lost a horse race. Naturally, you don't feel good about it. Right after the race many of my wife's friends and mine started holding a wake for us. They were sorry that we had lost. Actually, we were pleased that the horse ran so well."

SWORD DANCER (LEFT) AND TOMY LEE BUMPED EACH OTHER IN DERBY STRETCH

SPORTSMAN IN DEFEAT

Later that evening Burch and his wife Phyllis went to dinner with four friends. "I was there," one of those present said recently. "Here was a man with a perfect opportunity to blast Boland for the ride he had given the horse, or to blast Shoemaker for bumping his horse, or to say that the stewards had made the wrong decision. But he didn't. He kept that defeat to himself, and there aren't many people around who would be able to do it in the way he did it."

Two weeks later Sword Dancer ran second to Royal Orbit in the Preakness at Pimlico, and then he beat a field of older horses in the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont just 13 days before the important Belmont Stakes. In the Belmont, Sword Dancer was the master of that muddy mile and a half and caught the front-running Bagdad just inside the sixteenth pole to draw clear at the finish.

At Saratoga in August, Sword Dancer won the Travers. "The Travers to me," says Burch, "was Sword Dancer's finest race. Many people think that his performance in the Woodward [which he won later] was better, but I still prefer the Travers. He was running behind a slow pace and he had to come off that pace to beat one of the most improving 3-year-olds in the country, E. Barry Ryan's Middle Brother, to whom he was giving 14 pounds. He did it on willingness and desire. He had to *want* to win that race and he did."

The next race for Sword Dancer was the finest race run in the U.S. in 1959, the Woodward at Aqueduct. The title of Horse of the Year would go to Hillsdale, Round Table or Sword Dancer, whichever one won. In a furious stretch battle, Eddie Arcaro pushed Sword Dancer in on the rail, and Sword Dancer inched past Hillsdale to win by a head. Although most of the crowd of 53,290 had bet against him, they gave him a remarkable ovation. Sword Dancer's last race of the year was in the Jockey Club Gold Cup, which he won by seven lengths, again defeating Round Table.

In one year, his second full year as a trainer, Elliott Burch had endured a cruel defeat as well as more success than most trainers experience in a full career. He has what every owner would like to find in a trainer—intelligence, integrity, intuition. He is probably the only trainer in horse racing who reads one or two books a week, four magazines, plays bridge and still has time for his three children. He went to Yale and the University of Kentucky, although the smell of liniment and the sound of a bugle rising on the afternoon air kept him from finishing either. This week in the Widener his horse steps out against Bald Eagle, weighted at 123 pounds, and Calumet Farm's in-and-out On-and-On (119), and while some people feel that Sword Dancer is not yet back to his best form, the majority will be betting that he is. **END**

TELLTALE HOOFS

continued from page 15

the gate without the judge's permission. The rider thereupon asked to leave the ring, claiming loss of a shoe. Though a glance revealed that she was wearing all four, the judge quickly gave his consent, and the embarrassingly bloody-footed horse was hastily removed. The officials, throughout, claimed to have seen nothing.

And how does the American Horse Show Association feel about such practices at one of its member shows? Questioned about this after the Miami event, Albert E. Hart Jr., its president, reiterated the association's stand against cruelty. James H. Blackwell, the executive secretary, pointed out that the organization is not a police force. It is, however, a court of law, and it seems worth noting that after all these years of known abuse to the Walking Horse, and even after the Miami show, the law court's docket remains tellingly empty.

The association is, however, hopeful that the new Walking Horse rules drafted during the annual meeting in Detroit this January (and also adopted by the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association and the American Walking Horse Association) will solve everything. Miami's show was able to take advantage of a technicality—these new rules do not go into effect until the first part of March and until then the old rules (which have been considered good enough for the last four years) are still valid.

Will the new rules really end the cruelty? They will at least clarify the situation by fixing the responsibility on the judge alone. The judge must inspect the boots, not only in championship stake classes but also in classes qualifying for these stakes. He can, if he deems it necessary, inspect the boots in other classes, such as the ladies' events. This is a step forward, since under the old rules inspection of the boots was at the judges' discretion—and with the exception of a few judges, such as John H. Amos, C. C. Turner and H. O. Davis, none of the 100-odd recognized judges chose to exercise the right, including Toby Green in Miami.

The new rules will also change the boot itself. A new type, replacing the all-covering bell boot, will be mandatory. This boot, of a hinged variety, must have an opening of three inches across the front, which would reveal wounds such as the ones pictured here or illegal devices such as chains or wire. But though the specifications for this boot are carefully spelled out as to weight and height, there is no mention of the width of the strap that may be used to close this opening. Undoubtedly, those with something to hide will spot this loophole and find it simple to negate that opening with a two-inch strap.

Thus, although the Detroit rules are a small step forward (the Randolphs, for instance, favor the new boot because it will not constantly irritate old sores), they are far from being a complete cure-all. But even that small step has brought forth protests from many of the Walking Horse trainers and friends who assembled, over 100 strong, in Tennessee last month to make their wishes known. These wishes were simple: they do not want to relinquish the bell boot. Some, of course, objected to the inspection of the boots in the ring, claiming that washing their own dirty laundry before the public might possibly drive away potential Walking Horse buyers. But mainly it was that about-to-disappear bell boot that was bemoaned, and after promises to clean up its interior, most trainers put their signatures to a petition to go to the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association asking that the bell boot be retained. These views will be presented on February 20 at an executive committee meeting scheduled by the breeders in Lewisburg, Tenn.

A TRIAL IT WILL GET

John H. Amos, executive committee chairman of the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association, was notably lacking in sympathy for the trainers' cause. "They haven't a chance," he said. "This new boot is on trial only—but a trial it will get. If it does not clean up the situation, there won't be any boots at all."

Meanwhile, back at Fort Worth, the TWHBA's president, J. Glenn Turner, who has recently and openly decried the current abuses, brought his Circle T string to the show. Making his position on the matter abundantly clear, he jumped the ruling by showing all his horses with the new boot and even, in the case of Sun's Regal Air, which he himself rode to victory in the amateur stake, with no boots at all. **END**

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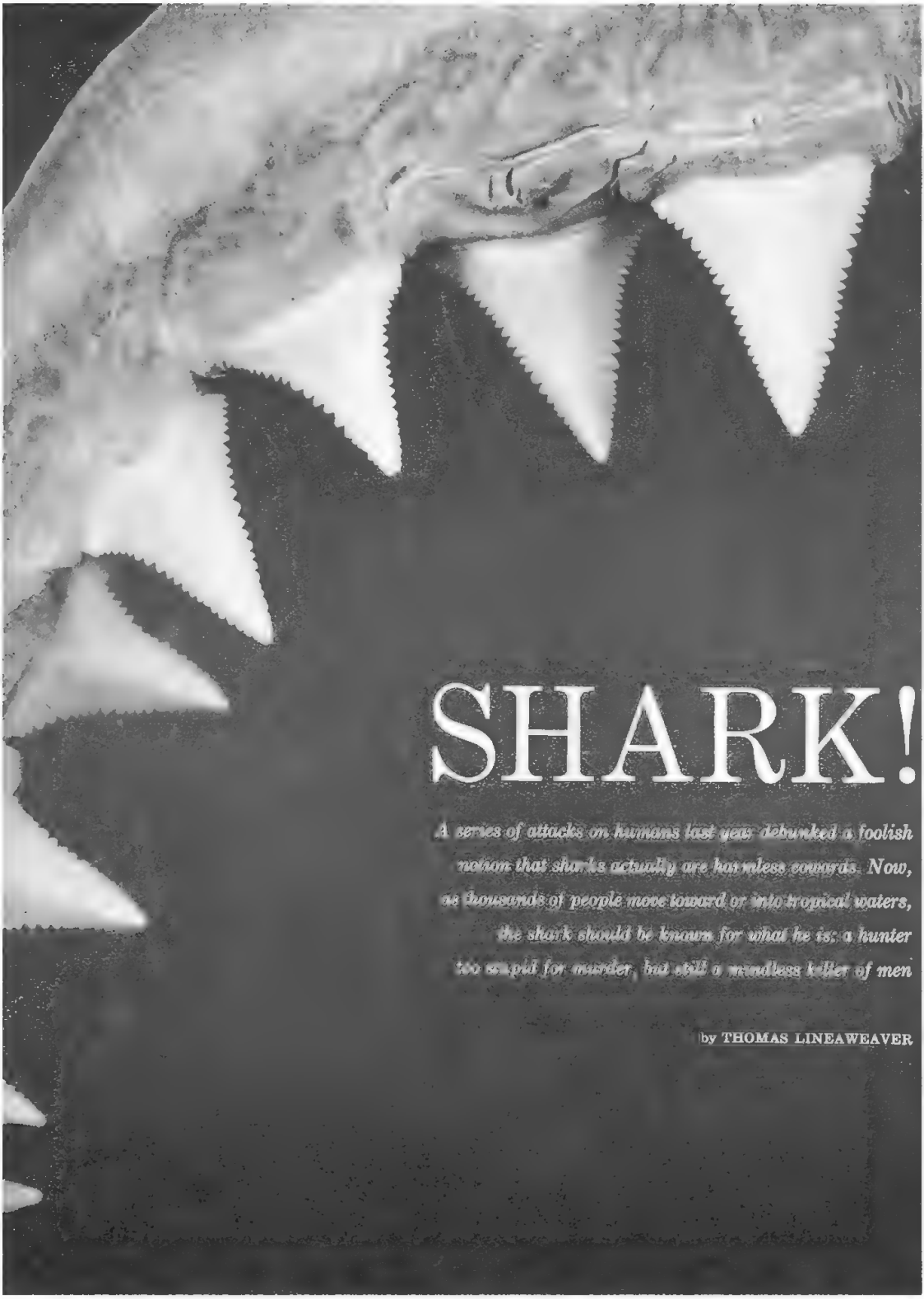
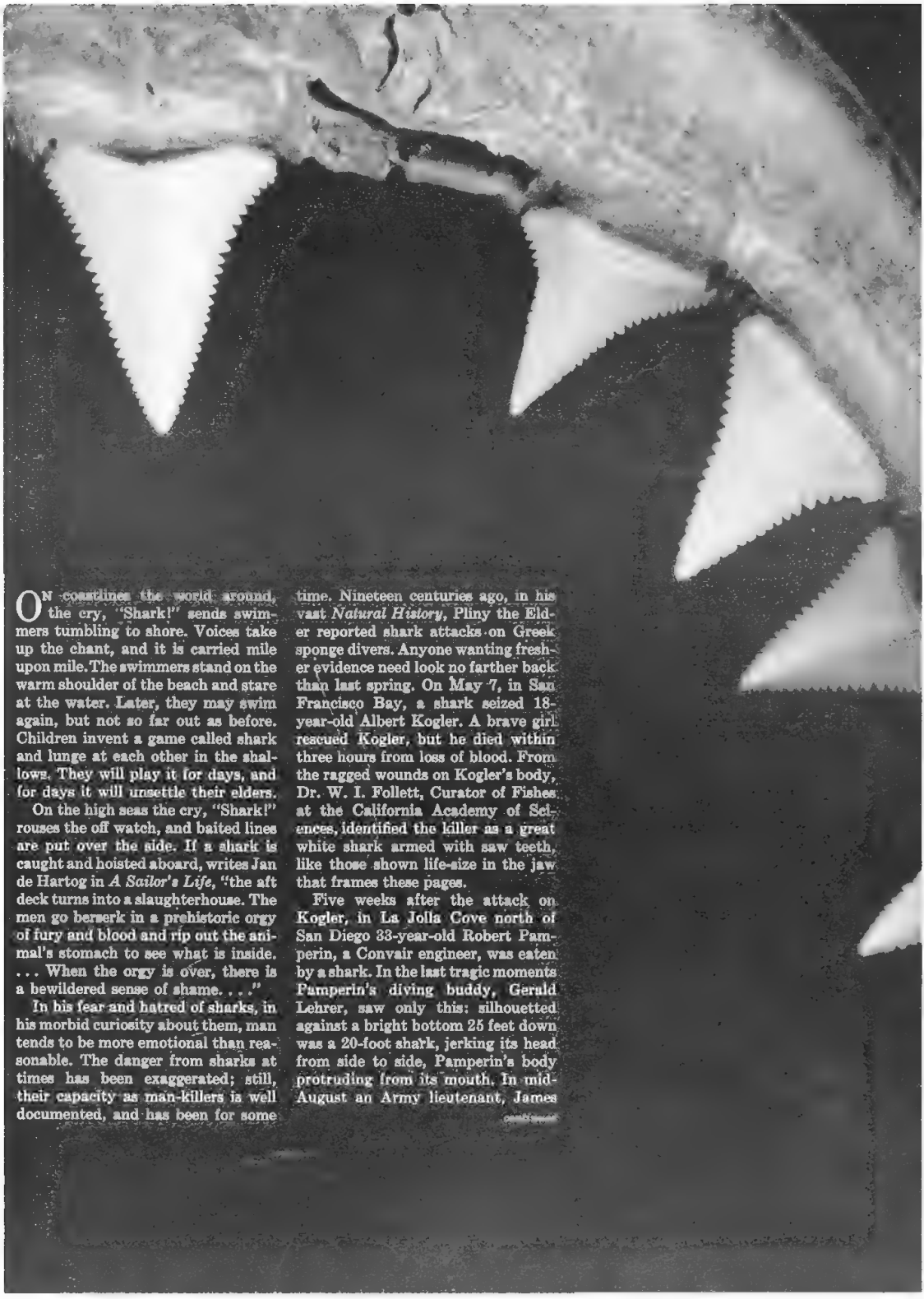


SHARK!

A series of attacks on humans last year debunked a foolish notion that sharks actually are harmless cowards. Now, as thousands of people move toward or into tropical waters, the shark should be known for what he is: a hunter too stupid for murder, but still a mindless killer of men

by THOMAS LINEAWEAVER



ON coastlines the world around, the cry, "Shark!" sends swimmers tumbling to shore. Voices take up the chant, and it is carried mile upon mile. The swimmers stand on the warm shoulder of the beach and stare at the water. Later, they may swim again, but not so far out as before. Children invent a game called shark and lunge at each other in the shallows. They will play it for days, and for days it will unsettle their elders.

On the high seas the cry, "Shark!" rouses the off watch, and baited lines are put over the side. If a shark is caught and hoisted aboard, writes Jan de Hartog in *A Sailor's Life*, "the aft deck turns into a slaughterhouse. The men go berserk in a prehistoric orgy of fury and blood and rip out the animal's stomach to see what is inside. . . . When the orgy is over, there is a bewildered sense of shame. . . ."

In his fear and hatred of sharks, in his morbid curiosity about them, man tends to be more emotional than reasonable. The danger from sharks at times has been exaggerated; still, their capacity as man-killers is well documented, and has been for some time. Nineteen centuries ago, in his vast *Natural History*, Pliny the Elder reported shark attacks on Greek sponge divers. Anyone wanting fresher evidence need look no farther back than last spring. On May 7, in San Francisco Bay, a shark seized 18-year-old Albert Kogler. A brave girl rescued Kogler, but he died within three hours from loss of blood. From the ragged wounds on Kogler's body, Dr. W. I. Follett, Curator of Fishes at the California Academy of Sciences, identified the killer as a great white shark armed with saw teeth, like those shown life-size in the jaw that frames these pages.

Five weeks after the attack on Kogler, in La Jolla Cove north of San Diego 33-year-old Robert Pamperin, a Convair engineer, was eaten by a shark. In the last tragic moments Pamperin's diving buddy, Gerald Lehrer, saw only this: silhouetted against a bright bottom 25 feet down was a 20-foot shark, jerking its head from side to side, Pamperin's body protruding from its mouth. In mid-August an Army lieutenant, James

CONTINUED

Neal, disappeared while skin-diving off Panama City, Florida. A shark is suspect: rescuers looking for the missing lieutenant found only tooth-scarred equipment. In July and August sharks of uncommonly large size were sighted in Buzzards Bay, Long Island Sound and off the Jersey coast. At this time of year northern waters are cold and inhospitable. Most sharks have moved southward. Vacationers, like the sharks, also are headed south to the playgrounds of Florida, the Bahamas, the Caribbean and Mexico. While swimming, skin-diving or fishing in southern waters, these vacationers surely will see sharks, and with the shark attacks of last summer in mind they might justifiably wonder if sharks are invading all the favored watering places of man. Actually, the situation is more the opposite. Sharks have always been around in good numbers. People have not. It is an inescapable and somewhat chilling fact that as an exploding, pleasure-bent population takes to the sea, *it is bound to meet more sharks. The* skin-diver is particularly vulnerable. There are five million of him now and, professional divers of one kind or another excepted, he pokes farther and stays longer in shark country than anyone ever has by choice.

COMPARED to all the natural and self-made calamities that befall mankind, shark attacks are indeed rare. Every day of his life, a man is safer in water with sharks than in a motorcar on the roaring road, but that fact is no help at all to the man who suddenly sees a large fin break the water near him. Man has learned to live with the dangers of fire, flood and automobiles; he still has a profound aversion to being eaten.

Since 1900 there have been at least 70 authenticated shark attacks in continental U.S. waters, and another 20 attacks around the Hawaiian Islands. These totals are incomplete and always will be. There probably have been other attacks not witnessed —notably attacks on persons lost at sea. Dr. George Llano, a shark authority now at the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, has stated the problem with cold simplicity: "When sharks are successful," he wrote in the survival manual, *Airmen Against the Sea*, "they leave no evidence."

Of the shark, it can be fairly said, to know him is to love him less. Though unloved (and perhaps unlovable), the shark is among evolution's most extraordinary creatures, a living relic of prehistory, simple and set in its ways, but at the same time as unpredictable as the 20th century. The shark most often moves slowly, but he can move fast. He often plays the coward, yet he can be bold. At times he seems an oafish blunderer, but actually the shark is an accomplished hunter, mindlessly lethal.

While man is barely a million years old, the shark has been around since the early Devonian period, 350 million years ago, and seems to have survived the ceaseless and brutal turmoil for food and living space by the simple process of not evolving much. The most obvious change in sharks has been in size. Fossil teeth indicate that in Eocene times there were carnivorous sharks 100 feet long. Why these behemoths slipped into oblivion, no one knows. In any case they are gone and unlamented.

Contemporary sharks are only a *small part of the great, diverse class* of fishes. Of the more than 30,000 known species of fish, only 300 or 400 are properly called sharks—the exact number of shark species cannot yet be fixed because the ichthyologists sorting through the shark order still do not agree which are distinct species and which are merely variants. Whatever their number, all sharks are lumped in a single zoological order, the Selachii, a word generally credited to Aristotle, although it actually pops up earlier as a word within a word in the writings of Aristophanes. Aristophanes wrote the recipe for a fish-and-meat pie as a single, tongue-tangling word that must surely be the longest word in literature. "*Legadotemachoselachogaleocanio—*" it begins, and then runs on for 149 additional letters.

The so-called modern sharks ("modern" is a word of considerable breadth, since it includes the Port Jackson shark of Australia, which has been around for 50 million years) are a richly varied assemblage. Most species favor the tropics and subtropics, ranging into colder latitudes only with the warming sun. Yet there is a resident shark in almost every nook and cranny of the oceans, even in arctic waters where the Greenland shark, appropriately named *Somniosus microcephalus*, lies drowsily under the ice floes until hunger sends it scrounging for halibut.

Though commonly thought of as marine animals, sharks roam a thousand miles up the Ganges, Tigris and Zambesi rivers, and one species, *Carcharhinus nicaraguensis,* lives in Lake Nicaragua. Opinion is divided on whether *nicaraguensis* is landlocked or has access to the sea in the San Juan River. In any case, the Nicaraguans wish it would go away, for it is a known man-killer.

In size, sharks range from *Euprotomicrus bispinatus,* which matures when less than a foot long, to *Rhincodon typus*, the whale shark, that grows to a length of 45 feet. The whale shark has more than 4,000 teeth, all small and apparently of little use, and, like the basking shark that runs almost as large, lives by straining from the water clouds of plankton and other nourishing minutiae. These two large species of shark are monumentally phlegmatic. Now and then a ship rams one, and a 40-foot whale shark off Baja California put up no fuss when it was *boarded by a party of divers led by* Conrad Limbaugh of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography.

"By swimming hard," Limbaugh relates, "our group of four with swim fins could keep up with the shark. We clambered on the shark, looking it over closely, even looking in its mouth. It showed no sign of concern except when we bothered its face. Then it slowly dived out of sight. But it would return to the surface, and we would climb aboard again."

MOST fish belong to a superorder, the Teleostei, commonly known as the order of bony fishes. The sharks do not have a true bone in their bodies. The internal frame of a shark, though fortified with calcium in some species, is essentially cartilage, and that is why whole fossil sharks are hard to come by. Ancient sharks moldered away, leaving little more than their enamel-coated teeth on the stone pages of the past.

The females of most bony-fish species lay a vast number of eggs, which the males fertilize somewhat haphazardly with milt. Thousands of eggs go unfertilized, thousands more are destroyed by natural calamities and eaten by predators. Thus the codfish may lay 9 million eggs to perpetuate its kind. Sharks, though definitely

continued

CERTIFIED KILLERS

GREAT WHITE SHARK

PACIFIC MAKO SHARK

COMMON HAMMERHEAD SHARK

BIGGEST AND WORST of the killers is the great white shark, a rover of tropic and temperate waters that grows to a length of more than 20 feet. The smaller, slimmer Pacific mako, which, like the great white, can be distinguished from most other sharks by its crescent-shaped tail, is also dangerous but is rarely found in the shallows with man. The common hammerhead is a typical species of a bizarre family often sighted near popular beaches, and known to have been guilty of several attacks off Florida and South America.

A BAD FAMILY

TIGER SHARK

LEMON SHARK

WHITE-TIP SHARK

THE TIGER is the worst of a dozen bad sharks in the large carcharhinid family, and because of its abundance in tropic and near-tropic waters, it actually causes more grief than the great white shark. The lemon shark, distinguished from others of the family by its large second dorsal, is an infrequent killer, but one found often in popular shallows of the western Atlantic and Caribbean. The white-tip, a carcharhinid rarely seen inside the 100-fathom line, is a particular threat to castaways on the Atlantic and Mediterranean.

of a more primitive order than the bony fishes, breed by copulation. The females of some shark species lay fertilized eggs, but most bear live young. Some species may have only two or three young in a litter; the most prolific rarely litter more than a hundred. Sharks do not feed large families to compete in the complicated life of the sea, for puppy sharks enter the ocean world fully formed, devilish miniatures ready to fend and forage for themselves. Lacking the air bladder that helps most bony fishes hold their place in the vertical world of water, from the day he is born the shark swims or he sinks.

Ichthyologists are in fair agreement that shark eyesight is of a poor sort—shark eyes are sensitive enough for the dim goings-on in the depths, but probably do not focus well at a distance. At Marineland, Fla. a diver in the exhibition tank once shoved aside an advancing shark. The shark swam head-on into a pile of rock and bit it.

By human standards, the shark's sense of hearing is adequate in the sonic range, and good also at lower frequencies. In their hunt for food, sharks respond to low-frequency vibrations such as a faltering fish or a swimmer sends out, but more than anything, it has been by following his supersensitive nose that the shark has come so far along the road to survival. The brain of a typical 8-foot shark is about 6 inches long, resembling, when viewed from above, a slingshot with forks extending toward the nostrils. A small, posterior part of the brain is given over to sight, hearing and to whatever dull sort of thinking the shark does. Most of the brain—the anterior part of the handle and the forks—is devoted to the phenomenally acute sense of smell. Fifty years ago, Dr. George Parker of Harvard determined that dog sharks use their noses much as plane pilots today use radio to fly on a beam. In the shark's seemingly aimless and stupid wandering to and fro, there is actually method. If a shark veers too far to the left, away from an unseen source of food, the scent comes stronger to the right nostril, and the shark turns back to the right. If he then turns too far right, the left nostril gets the stronger signal, and the shark corrects his course again. When Dr. Parker blocked one nostril of an experimental shark, the shark swam in circles, obeying the signals of the one good nostril. If the left nostril were blocked the shark swam clockwise; if the right were blocked, counterclockwise. On windless days, when the sea is slick and the current slight, fishermen see sharks picking up a scent more than a quarter mile away. The rich juices of a single gutted fish are barely visible 10 feet from the boat; the dilute scent surely is very faint 100 feet beyond, yet the shark crossing the trail far astern will suddenly turn and zigzag errorlessly up the trail to the source.

The mouth of a hunter shark is a graveyard of little white tombstones, row upon row of them. In the first row of each jaw, the hunter shark has about 25 erect, mature teeth. Behind are rows of younger teeth, which in some species, like the tiger shark, lie in perfect symmetry and in others, like the mako and the great white shark, tilt this way and that. The serrated teeth of the white shark are roughly triangular, those of the mako and sand shark are slim, rakelike and sharp as an awl. Some species, like the dusky shark, carry fairly broad teeth in the upper jaw for shearing and more pointed teeth below for holding. Whatever size and sort his teeth, no shark ever lacks for them. Shark teeth are not set firmly. Some age and fall out. Some are torn out on hunting sorties. But there is always another tooth, another row of teeth, like redcoats in a British square, ready to move forward and fill the gap.

The shark is virtually covered with teeth. His whole body is plated with close-set denticles, minuscule "skin teeth" which, like his true teeth, sprout from the epidermal layer and are coated with dentine or enamel. This leads to the moot question of whether the shark's teeth are skin or his skin teeth. Regardless, the skin is tough. Shagreen, oldtime cabinet makers named it, and it made fine sandpaper. It can turn a skin-diver's spear and burr a sharp knife. Some of the bloody damage to human victims, the post-mortem experts now know, is inflicted by the shark's fine-cutting skin teeth.

TWO HUNTERS MEET off the Azores: while chasing a whale, Diver Hans Hass encounters a lethal white-tip shark and its convoy of pilot fish. He escaped unharmed.

The sharks are mighty hunters, but not murderers. None of them has brains enough for cunning or treachery. They live by instinct and conditioned reflex; their favored quarry is the creature in distress, the straggler, the hurt and the unfit, whether it be fish or fowl, man or dog. Off the Kenya coast last November a thirst-crazed elephant stampeded into the ocean and was done in by sharks. The shark preys on the living but takes also the dead and the long-dead and the rubbish of the sea, scavenging at times with the voracity of a deranged goat, eating wood and rocks, bottles, paper cups and tin cans. The stomach of a shark caught in the Adriatic yielded three overcoats, a raincoat and an automobile license plate (but no human remains). In 1799, when the U.S. and Britain were involved in a maritime spat, the American

continued

brig *Nancy* was hauled into Port Royal, Jamaica to be condemned in court as a war prize. The American captain had thrown his papers overboard and in court claimed neutrality based on false papers. The prosecution produced the real papers, taken from the stomach of a tiger shark caught south of Santo Domingo.

Twenty-five years ago, in the waters off Sydney, Australia, a 14-foot tiger shark ate its way into an even more spectacular court case. In the spring of 1935 a fisherman who found the big tiger tangled in his set lines gave his captive to Sydney's Coogee Aquarium. Eight days later the shark languished and regurgitated a whole human arm. In the opinion of a surgical expert, Dr. V. M. Coppleson, who happens also to be Australia's foremost authority on shark attacks, the arm had been cut off too cleanly to be the work of the tiger shark. There was a short length of rope tied to the arm. The forearm bore a tattoo of two boxers facing off, a sure clue that the arm belonged to 45-year-old James Smith, a billiard maker and onetime amateur boxer whom the police suspected had been murdered by partners in crime. One of Smith's cronies recently had bought a mattress (conceivably to replace one bloodied in Smith's murder) and also a tin trunk (large enough to accommodate most of a body). When the shark gruesomely delivered up Smith's arm, the crown had a clincher for its case. But defense counsel reached far back into history to fetch the crown a terrific counterblow. By an ancient British law, *de officio coronatoris* of the year 1276, a single arm is not enough to establish corpus delicti. The big tiger shark was cut open, but its stomach yielded nothing more. The case was dropped. The rest of James Smith is still missing.

THE earliest records of man's difficulties with sharks are sketchy. Ancient mariners—and ancient historians—called large fishes "monsters" and let it go at that. Thus when Herodotus wrote that sea monsters attacked sailors of the foundering Persian fleet off the Thessalian coast in 492 B.C., it is a fair assumption, but only an assumption, that the attackers were sharks.

Since Aristotle's day there has been some learning for the sake of learning, but most of what is known about sharks has been learned of necessity. It was not until the era of exploration, when so-called civilized men sailed all the warm seas, that the shark came to be well known, fairly well misunderstood and totally disliked. In 1569, Captain John Hawkins, a freebooter specializing in the rascally business of pirating slaves, exhibited a large shark in London. It is believed Hawkins' men originated the word "sharks" from the German *Schurke*, meaning villain.

Early sailors, finding human remains in many species of large sharks, hung the charge of man-killer on the whole lot. Because they eat the dead, sharks take many bum raps. The worst part many sharks ever play is that of a garbage collector cleaning up some sorry mess created by man. However, from attacks reliably documented, there are known to be at least a dozen species of man-killers. By their makeup and behavior, several dozen other species are strongly suspect. Unquestionably the No. 1 killer is the great white shark, *Carcharodon carcharias*, a strong, fast and intemperate fish that at times attacks small boats seemingly out of pure whimsy. The great white is found almost everywhere but, as sharks go, it is not abundant and that is a blessing. A white shark matures at about 14 feet and 1,500 pounds. The largest gamefish ever caught on rod and reel was a 16-foot, 10-inch, 2,664-pound white shark taken by Alf Dean in Denial Bay, Australia—a record not likely to stand forever, for white sharks are known to run over 20 feet.

The Pacific mako, *Isurus glaucus*, a near relation of the great white, is a killer, but an infrequent one that rarely invades the shallows used by man. At least one species of the hammerhead family, probably the common species *Sphyrna zygaena*, has attacked men occasionally. The Carcharhinidae, the largest family of sharks, contains a number of bad actors. The worst of the carcharhinid family is the tiger, *Galeocerdo cuvier*, which, because of its abundance over a vast range, actually causes more trouble than the great white shark. The tiger feeds by day or night in the shallows and out to 200 fathoms, just about everywhere in temperate and tropic waters. In the Atlantic the lemon shark, *Negaprion brevirostris*, like the tiger, is often found inshore, in shallow guts and estuaries, uncomfortably close to boating and bathing areas. In the carcharhinid family, one genus, *Carcharhinus*, includes at the very least three certified killers. One of these is the fresh-water shark, *nicaraguensis*. Another, *gangeticus*, ranges the Indian Ocean and far up into the sweet water of rivers. The white-tip shark, *longimanus*, of the same genus is a particular worry to castaways on the open waters. The white-tip rarely visits inside the 100-fathom curve, but in the tropics it pretty much has the open ocean to itself, investigating, bumping every

SPARE TEETH of a tiger shark lying row on row in jaw are actually larger than the erect teeth being used. Thus the growing shark always has teeth to match his size.

floating object and taking whatever is reasonably digestible. "White-tip sharks are not easily driven off," reports Stewart Springer, a veteran sharker now with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. "In fact, I do not know anything except a beaker of Formalin poured down the gullet that elicits a very strong reaction. They continue a slow and persistent attack despite nonmortal bullet holes." Very probably the genus *Carcharhinus* includes other killers—possibly the bay shark, of the Pacific coast, and the dusky and cub sharks of the Caribbean and U.S. East Coast. The various species of the genus look much alike, and in the murk and swirl of an attack not even an expert can be sure of the exact species.

Of all the popular coastlines, none is so grievously plagued by large tiger and white sharks as eastern Australia. As if these worldly killers were not enough, in Australia other species of the carcharhinid family, commonly called whaler sharks, add to the toll. The beautiful Australian coast seems to bring out the worst in sharks. For example, the Australian sand shark, *Carchariasarenarius*, commonly known as the grey nurse, has been charged with a number of crimes. In contrast, the grey nurse's near twin, the American sand shark, *Carcharias taurus*, prowls off popular Long Island beaches armed with the same rakelike teeth, but has never been known to take the fatted leg of man.

In their effort to cope with sharks men have tried a wild variety of devices and ruses. Some Japanese divers wear red sashes to dissuade attackers, and Ceylonese divers still put more faith than they should in shark charms. California tuna fishermen capitalize on the sharks' interest in bright objects by punching holes in cans of Drano and dropping them overboard. The lye and magnesium in Drano, combining with digestive juices, play hob with the shark's insides, which ordinarily seem as indestructible as an acid vat. Eighteenth-century Mediterranean sailors thought they could forestall attacks by feeding the sharks loaves of bread. When that did not work, a man was hung over the side to make faces at the shark. Such futile antics point up the biggest flaw in early attempts to thwart sharks: nobody knew enough about the creatures or how they behaved. Casting bread on sharky waters happens to be a waste of time, and when sharks are in a feeding frenzy, the man who hangs too close to the surface to grimace, may lose his head—face, grimace and all.

HARMLESS HORROR, a prickly shark of the eastern Atlantic, is covered with sharp close-set denticles, but has small mouth and rarely grows more than three feet long.

By the end of the era of exploration the sea world was pretty well known. By the 19th century there were better sailors, much better ships, relatively less contact with sharks and thus less need to know them. The world's navies were doing their hardest fighting in cooler waters, where castaways ran far greater risk of death from exposure than from sharks. The pendulum, in effect, swung back. There were fewer lurid accounts of attacks and an increasing number of debunkers both men of knowledge and men with big mouths—poohpoohing the threat of sharks.

Near the close of the last century, Hermann Oelrichs, heir to the North German Lloyd shipping fortune and a sea lover, offered a $500 reward for sure evidence of a shark attack north of Cape Hatteras. Oelrichs' offer presumably expired with his death in 1906. The evidence came too late, but when it came, Oelrichs' $500 would scarcely have covered the funeral expenses. On July 2, 1916, a shark killed

continued

Charles Vansant in shoulder-deep water off Beach Haven, New Jersey. Four days later, a shark killed Charles Bruder at Spring Lake 35 miles north. And, despite assurances of several authorities that there was little to fear, six days later in Matawan Creek, inside the sweeping arm of Sandy Hook, a shark killed 10-year-old Lester Stilwell and his unsuccessful rescuer, Stanley Fisher, and so badly mauled 12-year-old John Dunn that his left leg had to come off. The five attacks probably were the work of a single raider, an immature white shark a scant 9 feet long. The 9-foot killer was caught two days later near the sites of the last three attacks; in its stomach a taxidermist found human bones implicating it in one of the two earlier attacks farther south.

The Australians have been real believers in the shark menace since the turn of this century, when they cast off Victorian prudery and headed for the water en masse. In his book *Shark Attack*, published last year, Dr. Coppleson of Sydney lists 147 attacks in Australian waters over the past 40 years. Since 1937 many of the popular Australian beaches have been protected by meshing. In the Australian system a pair of 500-foot nets are set off the beach at night, then picked up in the morning, and the snared sharks removed. This mobile type of meshing has virtually canceled out shark attacks on popular beaches. South African beaches in the Durban area adopted a system of permanent meshing, successful so long as the netting is maintained. The trouble with either system is the expense: Dr. Coppleson estimates the cost of each meshed shark at about $32. The obvious alternative to such mass protection is some sort of portable, personal shark deterrent.

WHEN World War II spread across the tropics, a repellent became a necessity, for morale reasons if for no other. There was no concrete suggestion of a repellent in shark literature, nor any facilities adequate for testing large sharks under controlled conditions. For the initial tests in the summer of 1942, Stewart Springer, who then had considerable experience as an adviser to commercial sharkers, used smooth dogfish. Springer and his colleagues at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution found the durability of the small dogfish astonishing. They fed undisturbed by supersonic sound. They ate bait soaked in sodium cyanide and swam through clouds of rotenone. Usually the dogfish died, but not soon enough—large sharks affected similarly would have had ample time to maul a man. In all, 78 substances were tried, and the most promising sprouted from an educated guess. From his commercial fishery experience, Springer knew that, for all their catholic tastes, sharks do not like decomposing shark flesh. From this lead, a repellent of copper acetate was developed which, when first tested against large sharks in Ecuadorean waters, seemed promising.

The Ecuadorean test indicated that a lone shark poking around for food could be deterred, but it did not show what effect the repellent would have on a pack of sharks, or even on a lone shark under different conditions. No one, of all the fishermen, divers, sailors and scientists that have looked upon them, can predict how sharks will attack. A shark may circle an object of interest for long minutes. He may nudge it repeatedly but never mouth it. He may swim leisurely in and leisurely nip. He may charge and bite. The active feeding of another shark can send him into a frenzy of feeding, and he in turn will infect other sharks until the water boils and the sharks will attack anything. At times the slightest thump on the nose will make a shark retreat, at other times, though so badly gored that his own entrails are in the water, the shark keeps on feeding.

Unhappily, when the copper acetate was first tried on packs of sharks, it had little effect. Off Florida

TRIUMPHANT ANGLER. Bob Dyer (SI, Feb. 20, 1956), poses beside one-ton great white shark he caught in bloody whaling area where he tested repellent for the Navy.

and Mississippi, copper acetate was put overboard with trash fish from shrimp boats. The trailing sharks bit as enthusiastically as ever. When a bushel of wood chips was dumped over, the sharks ate them too. A nigrosine dye was subsequently added to the repellent, conceivably to serve like a squid's inky ejections to repel attackers. The nigrosine dye improved the repellent, but still the most that can be said for this packaged "Shark Chaser" is that it repels some sharks under average conditions. All that can be said for it when a mob of sharks is in a feeding frenzy is that it probably does not attract more sharks. Four years ago, the Australian-American Bob Dyer, familiar in Australia as a television performer and famous the world over as a sharker, was asked by U.S. and Australian naval men to test Shark Chaser. On the waters of Cape Moreton, Queensland, bloodied by the kills of whaling ships, Dyer often has 10 or 20 sharks mobbing his boat, rising out of the water to snatch gobbets of chum hanging over the side. In Dyer's repellent tests sometimes the sharks ignored the packets. Sometimes they ate them.

Two years ago the Navy set out to do better. With Navy support, the American Institute of Biological Sciences set up the Shark Research Panel to serve as clearinghouse for shark studies the world over. With no war on their necks, the panel—consisting of Dr. Perry Gilbert, Professor of Zoology of Cornell; Dr. Leonard P. Schultz, Curator of the National Museum's Division of Fishes; and the veteran Stewart Springer—can afford to face the job properly, studying previous attacks, investigating new cases and finding out more about the make-up and ways of the worst killers. From work Dr. Gilbert has already done—much of it at the Lerner Marine Laboratory in Bimini, Bahamas—he can confirm that large sharks, in the manner of the small dogfish tested by Parker 50 years ago, use their noses excellently as direction-finders—detecting odors as dilute as one part in 50 million. Gilbert's work further indicates that shark eyes may not focus at a distance, but nonetheless serve the shark well. However blurred he may see it, the shark can pick up distant moving objects even in dim light. It is as if the retina were capable of increasing the contrast, separating moving objects from the dull background of the depths, spotlighting the swimmer in murky water.

In the data already gathered by the shark panel, and in the experiences of scientists and sportsmen in the last two decades, the water-lover today already has some good, general advice. A wise swimmer knows that any new stretch of water should be investigated carefully. He knows too that in bad areas the shallows can be more dangerous than the middle of the Gulf Stream, for sharks have killed people in water barely two feet deep. The masked skin-diver can be more venturesome than a swimmer in clear water, but he has little advantage, as Gilbert's recent work confirms, in murky water. Water containing garbage is chancy, for it makes sharks more competitive and witlessly bold. Water with a trace of blood can be dangerous (blood of a wounded whale may have attracted the large shark that ate Robert Pamperin in La Jolla Cove last year). There are still spearfishermen who foolishly carry their fish on a string rather than boating them immediately. Considering that a shark can pick up the barest scent, even having a taint of fish on the hands may bring a shark.

Because the bad actors of the carcharhinid family fairly well typify most common large sharks in appearance, the smart diver does not bank on identification but presumes any shark big enough is also bad enough. The smart diver who sees one shark starts looking around, for without question, the diver's odds drop as the number of sharks increases. Because he is not pinned to the water surface, the scuba diver has some advantage over the swimmer and snorkeler, but the scuba is no shield—sharks have attacked as savagely on the bottom as on the surface. Inexperienced spearfishermen are prone to the error that the mush-mouthed, sluggardly species of sharks—the Atlantic nurse shark, the carpet sharks and wobbegong—are safe marks. Not even these sluggards like to be prodded and pummeled, and they will bite back.

OVER the years, men have found that blowing bubbles, shouting and kicking have sometimes deterred sharks and sometimes have not. Whatever the percentages, once the shark has committed itself to move in, all such protests are worthwhile, for often a shark heading in fast has been turned by a very feeble gesture. The buddy system, though not always effective, as in the tragic case of Pamperin, is still a sound practice. Strangely, there are relatively few cases of a shark bothering a rescuer. In 1952, when a 17-year-old California boy was badly mauled, five men managed to drape him across an inner tube. The shark circled and finally pushed between two rescuers to bite his original victim.

Based on the evidence, there is some safety in numbers. Dr. Coppleson notes in his book that attacks often are made on the one Australian surf rider who missed the wave and was left behind by his companions. For the timid sportsman and the over-anxious parent, one bit of advice is worth stating and restating. For anyone taking logical precautions—using familiar swimming areas, investigating all diving areas and always swimming and diving in water free of garbage and slaughter—the shark risk is far less than dozens of others any wholesome man takes in his average pleasures.

The present shark panel is unlikely to come up with any packet of absolute magic. But its research and data should yield better advice and practical devices to help the castaway, fisherman, diver and swimmer. Certainly the shark can be controlled better, if not subdued. Whatever the promise, the shark will probably always be around, an inconstant, unlovable and unnecessary companion of man. **END**

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Anybody Here Ever Swim the Bosporus?

A noted novelist, fresh from a great athletic feat, meets the world's meanest bartender

by GEORGE WELLER

If you happen to be in Istanbul, swim from Europe to Asia. It doesn't take more than half an hour of your time. All you need is a swim suit, a boat to get back and a few friendly witnesses. More or less inadvertently I swam the Bosporus one autumn day in 1953. At the time, Florence Chadwick was in Turkey, getting ready to swim the Bosporus—the strait connecting the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmara—and the Dardanelles, which link the Sea of Marmara to the Aegean. Fred Zusy of the Associated Press and I drove out to the wedding-cake hotel by the Bosporus where Florence was staying.

Zusy, who is built like a walrus but cannot swim, made a proposal: "You swim across and give me a good story. I'll pay for a motorboat, and Florence will come along for glamour," he said.

Florence acquiesced cheerfully, showing not a trace of annoyance that I was going to swim the Bosporus ahead of her.

The water was rough that day and the sky was cloudy. A wild breeze scudded erratically across the gray-blue surface, whipping the contesting currents into a white chop. The Oriental beach seemed a long way off.

My backers took several pictures of me in my bathing suit. Then they rowed out to a hired motorboat and waited for me to dive in.

Hearing me dive but seeing no sign of me, my supporters whirled in their seats. I had passed under them like a submarine, catching them unawares. "Start swimming," called Florence. Zusy cupped his hands and shouted, "And stay on the surface, will you?" He seemed fearful that he would lose me altogether.

I started to swim. I used the crawl, Florence's stroke for conquering the English Channel. The chop, every

continued

AUTHOR WELLER AT THE BOSPORUS WITH CHANNEL SWIMMER FLORENCE CHADWICK

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time I raised my head, kept cuffing me in the mouth. After about 40 strokes, punished for each breath by a wave in the face, I was puffing. To recover wind, I changed to the sidestroke. Both wind and current sported with me. I kept getting watery jabs in the face every time I tried to sip air.

When it seemed I must be nearly halfway to Asia, I decided to treat myself to a good long rest. I turned over on my back and floated shamelessly. Even when I floated into a whirlpool, I didn't care. I simply spun round and round, like a ball tossed into a roulette wheel.

This circular method of endurance swimming strained the morale of my backers considerably. I heard the launch draw near, its motor stilled to a quiet mutter. Fumes of gasoline drifted across my face. "Hey, are you all right?" said a voice across the waters. I couldn't think of an answer, so I went on floating disdainfully southward, rotating smoothly, silent and detached, beyond struggle and beyond care. I sensed that my witnesses were not very happy with my performance, but I had ceased to care about their feelings.

SO CLOSE

I began to see that Asia was not, after all, quite inaccessible. A headland with a castle was coming up on my horizon. I swam toward this promontory as hard as I could. When I was very weary, I took another spin on my back among the comfortable whirlpools. When I looked again, I had floated past the headland, and the castle was traveling steadily north. I had lost my chance.

My backers saw that I had missed too and brought the launch in closer. But Florence was still smiling. "Never mind," she called. "Give me just 20 strokes more!" I did, and looked up to see what Asia now offered. Having missed the headland, I was presented with a stony Asian bay with some new villas, barred by a frothing cross-rip. "Fine, give me another 20!" shouted Florence. The 20 was only 16, but Florence didn't mind. She kept smiling. "Ten more!"

It seemed a long, long time later when I noticed that the water under me was turning pale green. The paleness turned to stones, gray pebbles, the shore of Asia. Suddenly the shingle came up at me, hard, undeniable, real. My feet accepted my weight. Shakily I stood up on the slanting shelf, panting. I felt dizzy as I stumbled up the bank.

A few Turkish soldiers were washing their brown shirts in the waves, spreading them on the rocks. I waved at them gaily, full of comradeship and triumph. They merely nodded, a little calmly, I thought.

A WARM RECEPTION

Discarding hard-won Asia without a pang, I waded out to the launch and was hauled aboard. The reception was generous. "Great! You were great!" said Zusy. Florence produced her best white bathrobe and wrapped it around me, murmuring, "Good swim, really." "Your time across the Bosporus," said Zusy, "was 23 minutes 15 seconds."

Later that night Zusy and I drove out to a nightclub, run by an elderly Greek friend of his. The cloakroom was quiet, the girls had already gone home, and the drummer was unscrewing his cymbals. We bounced in, full of triumph. "Big night, Kosta," said Fred. "I brought you a hero for guest of honor."

"Hero? Which hero?" asked the Greek suspiciously. He was a small, wasted Byzantine, with a very cautious manner.

"You know what my friend here did today?" said Zusy, pointing to me. "Swam from Europe to Asia. How about that, hey?"

"From Europe to—" began Kosta in a puzzled way. It was clear that he smelled something illegal. Then his face cleared. "Oh, you mean he swam *across*." *Across* is a familiar Istanbul expression.

"Right across the Bosporus," chortled Zusy. "And in less than half an hour. We want to celebrate."

The elderly Greek struggled to find some logic here but failed. Aware that he was disappointing us, he tried to be companionable. "I used to like to swim across too," he mumbled softly, getting out his keys to lock up the liquor for the night. "When I was younger, in my 60s, I was swimming across every day, almost." We looked at each other in unconcealed dismay. Zusy recovered first. "How did you get back?" he asked sharply.

"I swam," said Kosta. "How else? You think I would pay a whole ferry ticket? Just to get across, I would *pay* those robbers? *Never!*" **END**

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

DOGS: THE ROAD TO RUIN

Sirs:

I am a longtime subscriber to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. It is clearly the best magazine in its field—competent, useful, often amusing and commendably responsible in its postures with respect to boxing chicanery and allied derelictions in the whole area of sports activity. It was with considerable dismay, therefore, that I read the piece treating the breeding and showing of dogs (*The Westminster: Road to Ruin*, SI, Feb. 8). This article, it seems to me as a breeder, is intemperate and incongruous with your customary objectivity.

"Cocker spaniels won three times and were ruined." This assertion will not bear examination. Ch. My Own Brucie won in 1940 and 1941. Ch. Carmor's Rise and Shine won in 1954. When did the ruination take place? If cockers were "ruined" in the years subsequent to 1941, how could an individual of the breed have taken top honors at the Westminster show 13 years later? How could the dog have maintained its unparalleled popularity from 1938 through 1952 if its representatives were "neurotic" and "ill-tempered"? How is it that the cocker remained the nation's most popular dog without benefit of a single Westminster win in the years between 1941 and 1952? Furthermore, the cocker was the No. 1 dog in AKC registrations for two years prior to the advent of Ch. My Own Brucie. The breed's acceptance was surely not entirely dependent upon Westminster publicity. Finally, if best-in-show at Westminster is the key to popularity with dog owners, how do you account for the decline in cocker registrations since the 1954 win of Ch. Carmor's Rise and Shine?

Here again, "in 1947 a new favorite emerged" replacing the "ill-tempered cocker spaniel." It took five years—until 1952—to replace the "ill-tempered cocker spaniel" as No. 1 dog in AKC registrations. Obviously, this was a rather coolly received "new favorite."

You say "the premium placed upon conformation [is] at the expense of performance characteristics. . . ." These are not, as you imply, mutually exclusive attributes. There is a clear relationship between a dog's gait and his usefulness in the field; his skull and jaws are relevant to his ability to carry a bird properly. It is absurd for you to assume that the contemporary show cocker is not also a competent field dog. It so happens that the cocker is still a sporting dog, and the criteria of the show ring do not ignore this.

It is your persuasion that the best dog in the Westminster Kennel Club show insures the immediate deterioration of his kind. You cite a smattering of winners, and as "proof" dogmatically assert that the mentioned breeds became canine maniacs. Then in a final frenzy of casuistry yelp that something must be done about "this shameful cycle." Is there really a "shameful cycle" or only an occasional and inevitable opportunism?

It is perfectly true that there are cynical breeders whose concern is not the improvement of the breed but the aggrandizement of their pocketbooks. They pervert the Westminster show and its attendant publicity to the basest uses of commerce. They should be exposed. None deplores their existence more than the breeder who is attempting, at inevitably greater expense, to evolve the best dog possible. Isn't it "breaking a fly on a wheel," however, to work up a lather of righteous indignation over a state of things in the business of breeding dogs that is far more egregiously conspicuous at most other levels of our society? Fraud is practiced on a really grand scale in America. I'm sure we all deprecate the old principle of *caveat emptor* in buyer-seller relations, but let's be fair, if a man buys a lousy dog for an outrageous price because he's a wise guy and refuses to seek or listen to competent counsel, I cannot feel sorry for him. It shouldn't happen, but it does. For you to publish angry sentiments bemoaning it is not without value, but you also tend to tar all breeders with the same brush, tag-line disclaimers to the contrary notwithstanding. The public, as Miss Kraft points out, is "impressionable and ill-informed." They could easily infer that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has imputed dishonesty to the entire dog-breeding industry.

Why did you find it necessary to so castigate the cocker? It is true that a few profit-hungry kennels took advantage of the "cocker boom," mated injudiciously and produced some snappish dogs, but it is equally true—dog generations coming as frequently as they do—that these characteristics were soon recognized and have long since been bred out of the dog.

C. KENNETH CHATFIELD III
Los Angeles

Sirs:

Just why should you make such a savage attack on the Westminster show? It is the most important dog show in America, but I doubt whether a half a dozen people scattered among our 50 states purchase a dog of a particular breed simply because that breed happened to go best-in-show at Westminster. That's nonsense. Fox terriers, cocker spaniels, boxers and poodles are not ruined. It is childish to make such a statement. It is perfectly true that many breeds that have won popularity at various times in the past have lost that popularity, and in some cases deteriorated in type, but that has nothing to do with dog shows. Indiscriminate, careless breeding is always the reason.

Is it your serious recommendation that the Westminster show should be abolished? Do you deny that the dogs of 1960 are better than the dogs of 1900 or any other date that you care to pick in the past?

Do you blame Westminster for various shady practices that go on in the dog business? What in the world has the Westminster Kennel Club to do with the dishonesty of individuals? Do you blame Westminster because some American cocker spaniels are neurotic? Parenthetically, when I was a boy between 1900 and 1910, I owned several American cockers. They were nervous and inclined to bite even then. Are you aware of the origins of the

AMERICAN FARM SHEPHERD AT WORK

Doberman? Did you know that he was the result of a cross between a Rottweiler and a greyhound, and that his color and eventual standardization was caused by the standard Manchester? Did you know that before the mixing of these breeds was the subject of experiments the object was to produce the best watchdog in the world? How can the bloodhound's powers of scent be evaluated in the show ring? In what way can a dog judge eliminate dual breeding? Why is a "beauty contest" incompatible with judging how a dog can do its particular job? Why does Dr. Whitney or Miss Kraft think that what you call the American farm shepherd is purebred? Old Shep, as far as I have been able

continued

to find out, is a different-looking animal in practically every state of the Union.

ALFRED PUTNAM

Philadelphia

● We do not feel that we have made a savage attack on the Westminster, nor do we think it should be abolished. Indeed, we said three groups share the blame: 1) the judges, 2) the public, 3) the breeder. Dr. Whitney, who has made it his business to study the American farm shepherd all over the country, believes it to be a true breed.—ED.

Sirs:

I have been active in purebred dogs all my life and have been a judge at AKC shows for more than 20 years.

I have owned and bred Dobermans since 1935 and I could not disagree more thoroughly with Virginia Kraft.

First, she says that Dobermans suddenly became fashionable after Storm's first Westminster best-in-show in 1952. They certainly did! From 1952 to 1953 a grand total of 31 more Dobermans were registered with the AKC (and this is a breed of which I am certain that almost all offspring become registered). After Storm's second Westminster best, there was a tremendous amount of publicity, and registrations increased almost 3% to a total of 3,968. However, in the following year, 1954-55, registrations declined to 3,721.

In terms of popularity the Doberman didn't fare that well because registrations of all breeds increased at a much faster clip. For example, in 1952 Dobermans ranked 14th in number of registrations for all breeds; in 1953 they ranked 17th, in 1954 and 1955 they ranked 16th.

I do maintain that almost every Doberman breeder whom I have met, and I have met many of them from coast to coast, is a pretty dedicated person who has striven through careful breeding to eliminate the less desirable traits which were inherent in the German dogs of 20 years or so ago. It is still essential that for a family to really enjoy owning a Doberman at least one member has to be smarter than the dog.

As you know, the Doberman is a man-made dog. He was created for the specific purpose of protecting his master's property.

I can't tell you how vastly the breed has improved in temperament and in appearance in the past 20 years, and a great deal of the credit for this improvement must be given to the many able and competent men who have given of their time to officiate at such shows as Westminster and Westchester and others from coast to coast. It is they who have penalized the shy and the vicious. It is they, through their placements, who have urged breeders to plan and work for sounder and more elegant dogs. Do not misunderstand "elegant." A sound animal is always more pleasing to the eye of a student of dogs.

LEN CAREY

New York City

● All praise to the owner of famed Ch. Rancho Dobe's Storm and to the "many able and competent men" who have improved the breed "in temperament and in appearance in the past 20 years."—ED.

Sirs:

I am sure you will have received an avalanche of protests from defenders of the various breeds. Nonetheless, in the light of fairness and fact, we must add our bit. Anyone who has owned or known boxers will concur that this breed is especially reflective of the atmosphere in which it is reared, so it is a most delicate matter to characterize it as a "vicious attack dog." The picture of women being dragged along the streets behind 50-pound brutes simply means that the dogs' households encourage and display indecorous conduct and woefully undernourish these dogs, since average boxers usually weigh between 65 and 70 pounds. Perhaps these dogs are frantic in their search for food.

It should be stated that the standard of the breed specifically faults such characteristics as viciousness, treachery, unreliability, lack of temperament and cowardice. That these faults have been successfully controlled may be established by a visit to any boxer judging at any show, or to any household where a boxer resides in a nonaggressive atmosphere.

We boxer owners would like to see an answer of this type printed.

KENNETH P. BUTTON

Belfast, Me.

Sirs:

Let me state categorically that best-in-show is a phony award. It has nothing to do with the bettering of any of our dog breeds and, furthermore, it is a huge joke among breeders, because it is meaningless.

It is patently impossible to select any dog as "best" at Westminster, where there are over 2,000 dogs entered (all of high quality), or any other show. How can a judge compare an Afghan hound and a Chihuahua?

The ultimate fault lies with the American Kennel Club. It is up to the AKC to see to it that litters are honestly registered and that shows are staffed with judges competent to judge the breeds assigned to them. Unfortunately, people regard dogs more as children than as animals, and take any rebuff to their dogs personally.

MALCOLM W. BOYD

Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

There is no question but that undue popularity of any breed tends to stimulate production of inferior specimens. Inasmuch as the Westminster show has great prestige and publicity, wins there spur the sale of victorious breeds. However, serious breeders know that this is just another dog show, that top specimens of many breeds do not attend it, that the results are only one judge's opinion, that victors frequently are defeated in ensuing weeks at other shows.

Technically, a best-in-show win does not in any way indicate superiority of a breed, as theoretically the finalists are not competing against each other, but against an imaginary perfect specimen of their own breed. The dog that most nearly approximates perfection is the one supposed to go best-in-show. People being what they are, however, this tenet is overlooked in subsequent publicity.

I think it quite unfair to blame Westminster alone for so-called "ruin" of several breeds. If such breeds were "ruined" the Garden show was only one factor.

HENRY G. FRAMPTON

Miami

Sirs:

Being fond of all dogs, we have watched with alarm the ruin of so many fine breeds, especially the sporting varieties. I wonder if most of today's beagles would know what to do with a rabbit if it got up under their noses.

We made the mistake of showing our hunting dogs (Weimaraners). They are strong, sound dogs of excellent hunting conformation, yet they were beaten by the long-coupled, light-boned show types, with their whiskers and nails trimmed and their already fine coats stripped down to where they wouldn't dare go near a briar patch. In other words, they just didn't give the appearance of being able to do an honest day's hunting, and anyone who has done even a fair amount of work with Weimaraners will agree that an honest day's hunting is their *raison d'être.*

ADAIR TEDARDS

Anderson, S.C.

Sirs:

If I may be allowed an opinion, dog shows should be declared illegal, for they are as cruel as the "pit" dogfights of old. However, I must challenge the author's statement concerning the vicious tendencies of the boxer.

The basic instinct of the boxer is to guard the home from strangers. Outright viciousness is either brought about through constant beatings or training.

COWANS' JEWEL OF MALABAR

Inbreeding by scab breeders and kennel owners has resulted in a deterioration of the line of many popular breeds such as poodles, Bedlingtons and boxers, sometimes creating a specific brain disorder, which means that the animal has to be destroyed.

The Canadian public as well as a large percentage of Americans have not been informed about this racket. The potential buyer is more interested in papers produced by the breeder than he is in the reputation of the breeder. If in doubt concerning a kennel's reputation a check should be made. The veterinarian in your neighborhood may be consulted and if the breeder has nothing to hide he will not object to the pup being checked over by a professional.

ANDREW COWANS

Montreal

Sirs:

I have no defense for those dishonest breeders who do mass-produce puppies for quick profit, except that dishonesty will be found in all walks of life.

I believe most breeders genuinely do concentrate on improving their breed. Many of my acquaintances who are breeders do breed only for their own use, and never sell a "child." I feel a whole profession has been condemned for the faults of a few.

ANDREW OSEROFF

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I would like to bring to your attention the fact that the Labrador Club of America does not allow any member to use the title "Champion" unless the individual dog has received at least a working certificate in the field.

To keep the breed as it should be, the records will show that our kennel has never been interested in winning a bench show championship with a dog until such time as that dog has completed his field championship. For example, Dual Ch. Shed of Arden, Dual Ch. Little Pierre of Deer Creek, Dual Ch. Matchmaker for Deer Creek, Dual Ch. Hello Joe of Rocheltree.

PAUL BAKEWELL III

St. Louis

Sirs:

Congratulations on the splendid article on dogs. It should do untold good to the dog breeds and awaken those who may be dog buyers as to what to look for in a prospective companion.

LEON F. WHITNEY, D.V.M.

Orange, Conn.

Sirs:

Dr. Leon Whitney's campaign to place the American farm shepherd dog on the American Kennel Club's accepted list of breeds is commendable—but why does he have to disparage an established (though not too well-known) breed?

His reference to "a so-called sheepherding dog named komondor from Hungary" indicates either envy or a superficial acquaintance with that ancient and magnificent animal that has served his masters with such fidelity, intelligence and courage for a thousand years.

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Pat on the Back

SOPHIA LOREN

'I'm going to try some more'

With the Winter Olympics in full cry, the U.S. these days is full to overflowing with expert figure skaters. Meanwhile, an amateur better known for her figure than for her skating has been on the ice in Paris. Taking her first lesson in the Palais de Glace, Sophia Loren (who used to roller skate on the sidewalks of Naples) found it was mainly touch and go—bruising falls and wobbly-ankle glides. But Sophia, a determined good sport, scrambled up from each spill to try again. "And as soon as I can get to Switzerland, I'm going to try some more," said the actress gamely. "Unfortunately"—and she sniffled—"I spent so much time sitting on the ice, I got the flu."

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